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The Secret Assassins

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CRISIS is a vilely abused word. But it is the bare truth to say that this is the most critical moment that the world has known since the Great War. Our whole economic system is threatened with collapse; political systems from China to Chile are in the melting pot. Statesmen and financiers wrangle earnestly over gold and debts, and tariffs and armaments, while common men are starving in the midst of plenty. This week all eyes are on the two assemblies in Switzerland. The Geneva Conference is trembling on the brink of failure. If the nations will not abate their preparations for war, there will in the end be war. And if there is no good will, no common sense, at Geneva, what are the chances of a genuine settlement at Lausanne? There is a desperate hope that Mr. MacDonald may pull off something at the eleventh hour. He at least has a solid public opinion behind him. But he is confronted with two unknown quantities in Germany and France and an America that may, by standing on its legal rights, make the problem of Europe insoluble.

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The *Times* published on Wednesday on its middle page an article by Mr. J. M. Keynes about the Lausanne Conference, and at the same time controverted Mr. Keynes's principal point in a leading article. Mr. Keynes, after stressing the importance of avoiding any kind of one-sided repudiation of debts, went on to urge that the European Powers should endeavour to reach a joint agreement for the drastic scaling-down—not the complete cancellation—of war debts and reparations, that they should make this agreement contingent on the endorsement of the United States, and that they should then at once approach the President and the party leaders in America with a proposal for immediate action, even before the presidential election gets under way. Mr. Keynes apparently hopes that, if this is done, both parties in the United States will agree to take the debt question out of politics, and to go into the election equally under the stigma of having forgiven Europe its debts. In common with the *Times* we are sceptical about this most desirable outcome; it seems more likely that both political parties would devote their energies to making electoral capital out of their patriotic determination not to let Europe off a cent. But we agree with Mr. Keynes that the best hope is to reach an agreement which would be presented to the United States from Europe as a whole and which would therefore be morally difficult for the United States to reject. If such a contingent agreement were rejected by the United States—and we cannot see France accepting any but a contingent agreement—the case for a plain unilateral declaration by the European countries of their inability to pay would be far stronger.

* * *

We are happy to have a denial of the report that a Japanese Inspector-General of Customs was to be appointed in Manchuria. We should be happier still if we did not know how adept the Japanese are at getting the substance and leaving the shadow. They

are now about to give formal recognition to their pretty puppet, the so-called independent State of Manchukuo. This solemn jest, they doubtless think—and doubtless they are right—will make it a little more difficult for the Western Powers to refuse their recognition, should the Lytton report point that way. The report, it is hoped, will be ready for the Assembly of the League in September, and, according to Lord Lytton, it will avoid Utopianism and will contain suggestions which may satisfy neither China nor Japan, but will serve as a basis of discussion between them for a settlement. That sounds very prudent. But unless either the Chinese or the Japanese, or both of them, undergo a miraculous change of heart in the next month or two it does not sound very hopeful. We do not for an instant believe that the League will succeed in slithering out of this business on the basis of peace with dishonour. If we are to escape serious mischief in the Far East, it will have to take the measures it ought to have taken long ago to induce Japan to restore what she has stolen.

* * *

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs told the House of Commons on Monday that H.M. Government takes a serious view of the situation in Chile. British interests—that is to say British investments—are threatened, and a British cruiser has been sent to stand by. It is not clear what she is going to do; she can hardly land marines to collect deposits from the banks, or open fire on Valparaiso on the announcement of confiscatory measures. It is quite likely, however, that there will be no need for strong measures. The new Chilean Government has not yet shown itself a band of daredevils. There are dissensions and hesitations. Señor Davila has dropped out—he is too Fabian, it is said—and the redoubtable Colonel Marmaduke Grove seems for the moment to be the Big Noise. But how far he and his colleagues either wish or will be able to push the attack on the foreign capitalists is still uncertain. According to the latest reports, no violent action is contemplated in the matter of Cosach, the great American and British controlled nitrate combine, which is highly unpopular on account of the unemployment it has caused by a process of rationalisation. The break up of Cosach and the derationalisation of the nitrate industry would not do much to relieve the present distresses of Chile. Nevertheless, this Chilean revolution may be the writing on the wall for economic imperialism in South America.

* * *

Mr. Lang has been badly beaten in New South Wales, and there is great rejoicing among the bondholders and in orthodox financial circles in both Australia and Great Britain. But in Queensland, which has also been having a General Election, the Labour Party, according to the latest news, has been successful in ousting the "National" Government and in winning a handsome number of seats. It cannot, therefore, be assumed that Mr. Lang's defeat means that Labour in Australia generally is still losing ground. The division between his forces and those of "Federal" Labour must have told heavily against him, badly as the few "Federal" Labour candidates did in the New South Wales election. What is remarkable is not that Mr. Lang should have been beaten, but that in face of its recent buffetings the Labour Party should have done well enough to get back into power in Queensland. It looks as if, despite Mr. Lang's defeat, the Australians were recovering fast from their panic stampede into "National" Government under the leadership of Mr. Lyons. Of course, too much stress must not be laid on the result of an election in a single State; but it is clear that where Labour can unite its forces the electors are again ready to listen to it if it gives a reasonable lead.

* * *

We scarcely thought that the Sunday Entertainments Bill could have been made more ridiculous than it was in its original form. But the Sabbatarians are hard at work in the Standing Committee of the House of Commons, and they have already got Sir Herbert Samuel to accept one fatuous amendment, which will limit the period of Sunday cinema opening to five hours. If the object of this is merely to cause annoyance, there may be some point in it—the same sort of point that there is in the regulations of Sabbatarian town councils which permit Sunday golf and forbid Sunday tennis. If it is to honour the law given by Moses to the Israelites, we can see none. On the charity question there are divided counsels among the opponents of the Bill. Some want all Sunday profits of cinemas to be paid to charities, others twenty per cent.; whilst Mr. Rhys Davies believes, as we do, that the whole charity business is humbug. The Home Secretary, meanwhile, suggests the introduction of a clause on the Report stage which will take five per cent. from the profits allotted to charities and hand it to a National Film Institute for the development of good cultural films. This is an excellent idea, but the champions of the hospitals as well as the Sabbatarians are making an outcry against it.

* * *

The House of Lords has been busily exercising its "revising function" on the Children Bill. Two of the clauses in the Bill as it came up from the Commons provided that the power of magistrates to order the whipping of children should be abolished, and that juvenile courts should not be held in buildings used for ordinary courts. The Lords would not have either. They thought whipping ("not more than six strokes of a birch rod privately administered by a constable") was a suitable method of dealing with some boys they knew of. They thought also that separate juvenile courts was an extravagant proposal in the present state of the public finances. On the other hand, they carried an amendment designed to put a check on the exploitation of juveniles under eighteen, some of whom, it was said, are being worked for ninety hours a week. The scandal is, indeed, of vast dimensions, and speakers at the Labour Women's Conference at Brighton were justified in condemning the Government for not putting a drastic protective clause into the Bill. Lord Snowden was instructed, he said, to oppose the Peers' amendment, but he was personally in sympathy with it, and he broke his instructions and accepted it, in view of the proviso that it should not come into force until a resolution had been passed by both Houses of Parliament. We hope that the Commons will now be shamed into decency.

A few weeks ago the newspapers were full of talk about impending further economies of £100,000,000 a year. The private member's motion put down by Sir Godfrey Collins and a large group of the Government's supporters reduces this to a demand for economies of £40,000,000 in the services covered by the Civil Estimates. It is not explained how a reduction on anything like this scale is to be secured; but presumably the sponsors of the motion have in mind chiefly the sums now spent on education and on the unemployed. But, as we pointed out a week or two ago, on the basis of figures worked out by Lord Eustace Percy himself, no really considerable "economies" on education could possibly be made save at the expense of the teachers. The amount paid in unemployment benefit has already been reduced drastically, both by cutting the rates and by the working of the Means Test and the Anomalies Act. The teachers have had their salaries cut already. The new German Chancellor, it is true, has just cut down the already diminished unemployment benefit of the German workers, and has decreed fresh reductions in the pay of Government servants, as well as fresh taxes on wages. But even in Germany it is none too clear that this policy of meeting the crisis by further impoverishing the people can be successfully carried through. If the National Government try it here, they are likely to get an unpleasant surprise.

* * *

The onward march of British protectionism continues unchecked. When the emergency duties on imports of iron and steel were first imposed, pig-iron and certain types of castings were exempted, as belonging clearly to the category of industrial materials rather than to that of finished goods. At the instance of the producers concerned, these exemptions have now been swept away, and a further important step taken towards the extension of the tariff system to necessary raw materials. It is true that no section of the iron and steel industry stands in greater need of reorganisation than the blast-furnace section producing pig-iron, and doubtless this is the ground on which the new duties have been imposed. For the iron and steel industry argues that it cannot be expected to spend money on improving its blast-furnace equipment unless it is given the bribe of a protected home market. It is easy to see the producers' case; but it is also obvious that the taxing of imported pig-iron is bound for some time to raise the cost of producing steel in this country, and to do something at any rate to jeopardise our position in the export trade. At this rate, where are we to stop? There is no logical reason, if we tax pig-iron, why we should exempt any industrial material, however indispensable, that is capable of being produced at home.

* * *

The Annual Conference of Labour Women has now become an important part of the Labour Party machine; and what is said there is likely to be repeated when the Annual Conference of the party itself meets later in the year. This week Miss Susan Lawrence, in her presidential address to the Women's Conference, gave a very strong and unhesitating lead to the party. She declared that the old policy of seeking merely piecemeal social reforms within the capitalist system was utterly out of date, and that the next Labour Government must come into office with the definite and declared intention of introducing Socialism. The real danger, she declared, was that the Labour Party would be swept into power by the confusion and disillusionment of the electorate. "To go back as a mere piece of driftwood on the tide would be fatal." By introducing Socialism she meant certain quite definite and precise things. "I mean the capture of the central fortress of capitalism by the nationalisation of the banking and credit system. I mean the nationalisation of the land. I mean the transformation of the important basic industries—power, transport, coal iron and steel—into public services." The Labour Party Executive is reported to be on the point of issuing its new programme for discussion at the party conference in October. If Miss Lawrence has correctly read its mind, the next Labour Parliament does indeed promise to be very unlike the last, and the change will be, in our view, wholly for the better. For if the Labour Party does not mean something very like this, of what use is it at all? Amid the dissolution we see around us, the old gradualist policies of social reform look in these days merely absurd.

* * *

An Irish correspondent writes: People in intimate political touch here were not surprised at the breakdown of conversations between Irish and British Ministers. The Oath is not the only or indeed the real point at issue. Mr. De Valera is unalterably opposed to the whole Treaty settlement. He has always carefully refrained from stating explicitly that, even with the Oath removed, he would be prepared to recommend to the people membership of the British Commonwealth. In Ireland words like "King," "Empire," and "allegiance" have still their old meanings unaffected by constitutional developments or Imperial Conference reports. That is one of the great difficulties. The Oath is a formula specially devised in 1921, and I have never yet met a lawyer or a theologian who could say exactly what it means. If it were once out of the way at least one excuse for disorder would be removed. One could understand the attitude of a Dublin Government which said, "Take out the Oath and we will work the Treaty and remain loyal members of the British Commonwealth. Co-operation does not depend upon declarations or out-of-date forms but upon an attitude of mind." But Mr. De Valera argues on the one hand that the Treaty was imposed by duress and was never binding at all, and on the other that that instrument has by constitutional development and usage been so improved since 1921 that if the Oath was ever obligatory it is no longer so. He confessed in the Senate last week that the Treaty had been developed in a way which he —Mr. De Valera—would never have thought possible. Few here venture to suggest that in the light of this attitude any basis of negotiation can be found. Meanwhile Mr. De Valera has other troubles. An instalment of Land Annuities is to be withheld this month, and there is great anxiety as to what action, if any, the British Government will take. Farmers are being evicted for non-payment of Annuities and a law suit may be taken to test the Government's legal right to collect at all in the circumstances.

THE SECRET ASSASSINS

THE patriots and the vested interests have won at Geneva. The politicians' decision not to hold a full session of the Conference but to meet for private discussion means that the Conference is, in effect, where it was when it started. How, after the past procedure of the Conference, could anything have been achieved? To ask experts to come to decisions which involve questions of Government policy can only result, as one of the experts in question argues in our correspondence columns to-day, in farcical and inconclusive wrangles. Nor can anything substantial be expected to emerge from the private talks which are to take the place of the experts' committees. The politicians, it is rumoured, may agree upon a small budgetary cut. At this stage of affairs such a proposition means to the world about what a cup of tea would mean to a man expecting to be hanged in an hour's time. Unless the other Powers can agree to limit or abolish the types of arms which Germany is forbidden to possess, what answer is possible if Germany demands the right to re-arm? And once Germany insists on re-arming, what hope is there of all-round disarmament or of five minutes' peace in Europe? If we prove unduly pessimistic, if a real measure of disarmament results from the Conference, we shall be overjoyed to admit our error. But the time has surely come to consider why the Conference appears to be on the brink of failure, and what are the enemies which have to be defeated if Europe is not simply to relapse into the old position of helplessly waiting for the arrival of the next war.

We say that patriotism and vested interests have wrecked the Conference. We know the destructive uses of patriotism. The unreasoning pride and prejudice we all learn at school, the greed for power and the fear that other nations may be yet more powerful; all the heritage of traditional nationalism still crops up to defeat the nascent internationalism of the world. Of these mental obstacles, these "Unseen Assassins" of our civilisation, Sir Norman Angell has recently written with brilliance and insight. But there are also the external "assassins," the vested interests which are far above patriotism and which actively work against disarmament. People talk as if a Disarmament Conference were a meeting for the adjustment of minor differences by statesmen unhampered in their decisions and in agreement about the desirability of disarmament. In fact, even if all the statesmen really meant to achieve disarmament, they would find themselves confronted with a powerful opposition, internationally organised and working by very effective underground methods. One of the first things they would have to do to achieve success would be to publish the facts about the relations between each national Government and the armament rings.

They would have to explain that Governments foster the private manufacture of arms because it is only by permitting private firms to export where they like in times of peace that munition factories can be kept up to the capacity which is required in time of war. They would have to explain that as an incidental result of this policy the Boers in South Africa and the Turks in the Dardanelles shot British soldiers with guns supplied by British manufacturers, and that to-day both China and Japan are being armed simultaneously by the very countries which are assembled at Geneva to end their dispute. They might explain also why experts from the Service departments habitually take their place on retirement upon the Boards of armament companies and just what is the relationship of some of the experts who take part in disarmament conferences with the armament firms whose prosperity would be imperilled by the success of the Conference. Then they might well give a list of prominent persons with shares in armament firms—more than one Member of the present British Cabinet appears on the 1931 list of Armstrong-Vickers' shareholders—so that we should know rather more clearly who stood to lose here and in other countries by a successful conference. We do not, at least as far as this country is concerned, suggest any kind of corruption: we do not even mean that a man may not sincerely believe in disarmament while his dividends depend on the sale of arms. Yet these things are apt unconsciously to have their influence.

When the framers of the Covenant of the League called attention to the "grave objections" to the private manufacture of arms they were not merely referring to the fact that these firms exercised social influence and created a vested interest in the upkeep of arms. A long series of scandals had shown that armament firms—to quote the findings of the League Commission on the subject—had "been active in fomenting war scares and persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments," had "attempted to bribe Government officials both at home and abroad," and had "disseminated false reports to stimulate armament expenditure, and sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries." Clearly these firms were a powerful obstacle to disarmament before the war. When Lord Cecil repeated at the Queen's Hall meeting on Monday night that the abolition of the private manufacture of arms was an essential part of disarmament, had he no recent experience in mind? Was he perhaps wondering why Mr. Shearer, who, it will be remembered, sued the United States armament makers for $255,655 owing to him for secret propaganda in the press and elsewhere directed against the Naval Conference of 1927, had been seen in Geneva during the present Conference? Had he other and more tangible evidence that some, at least, of the pre-war activities of armament rings were still in use?

Evidence exists. We will be content for the moment with one rather striking example of the interest taken by armament firms in the present Conference. Schneider-Creusot, the foremost French munition firm, controls the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, and has ramifications also in Poland, Rumania and Jugoslavia. It profits not only by the immense armaments of France, but also by the loans given by France to her Eastern European allies. It is commonly a condition of such loans that a part of them should be spent in France, which in practice means on orders to French armament firms. It would not be surprising if Schneider-Creusot thought it worth while to invest a little money in propaganda against the Disarmament Conference. Nor

ought we to be surprised to find that a violent press campaign against the whole Disarmament Conference has been led by *Le Temps* and *Le Journal des Débats*, when we learn that these papers were acquired on the eve of the Conference by the Comité des Forges, the organisation which represents all the leading French steel and armament firms, including, of course, the firm of Schneider-Creusot.

Illustrations could be multiplied. Perhaps enough has been said to show that Disarmament Conferences have so far failed to tackle their most essential problem. Discussions at Geneva about the output of armament firms have so far been merely laughable. In speaking of the power of these firms, Mr. H. G. Wells remarks that the science of warfare is now "a very active occupation. It is a sort of ugly and dwarfish twin sister of scientific research. The difference is that she tries to be secretive and her ends are murderous." If Governments continue to permit the existence of this murderous international organisation and to ally themselves with it, how dare they expect anyone to believe in their professed enthusiasm for disarmament? The first objective in any genuine campaign for disarmament would be the public ownership of all munitions of war.

THE JUNKERS' RETURN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

THE unthinking public, painfully aware of the discomfort of a World Crisis, has become indignantly convinced that everything is wrong with post-war Germany. This makes the Germans the tool, it seems, of the so-called Junkers, a class whose proverbial conservatism has scarcely been exaggerated. The great landowners of Eastern Germany are convinced that a patriarchal society living by agriculture is the only desirable one. They can be admirable patriarchs and they know it; their peasants, on the whole, applaud them. The Junkers would like to tolerate no other social types, but since industry has insisted on expanding, let great industrialists do what they can to adopt the Junker code. These people think in terms of land, not money; they are unimpressed by their indebtedness, but outraged by Brüning's wish that the State should attempt to settle unemployed men on the most insolvent estates. They loathe State interference; it is something compulsory, and they will compel but never be compelled.

These men dislike Hitler as a parvenu, although they have long smiled upon the back-to-nature patriotism of his semi-military bands. Junker fathers often have Nazi sons, but they believe in paternal authority. Hindenburg's appointment of what the American press calls the "Monocle Cabinet" is in every sense an assertion of paternal authority, and the most interesting problem in Germany at the moment is to guess whether the fathers have tricked the sons or whether the sons will trick the fathers.

The new Chancellor, von Papen, seems indeed to be a mere puppet, whose abortive plans for an anti-Soviet alliance with France no one at the moment takes at all seriously, and who is willing to mouth Junker assertions of individualism on all suitable occasions. The German State, he complains, has become so shockingly un-Christian as to be, in Bismark's phrase, "a kind of charitable institution." It is difficult, incidentally, not to sympathise with *Vorwärts* when it points out that both Junkers and industrial magnates have accepted the most generous State aid in recent years.

Officially the new Cabinet is announced to be a transitional Ministry of non-party experts who will steer the country past the General Election on July 31st, when the nation shall make itself heard. That Prussian nobles are well-trained and usually conscientious officials is undeniable, and several of the Ministers are distinguished for their ability, notably von Neurath, von Gayl, and Schwerin von Krosigk, who very unwillingly accepted the sorry post of Finance Minister. Nor can there be any doubt about the efficiency of the redoubtable General von Schleicher, who, more than anyone else, has staged the present scene.

Schleicher performs his job brilliantly, his personality is all-compelling, he is unscrupulous. With the help of Junker co-operation in the local enrolment of recruits he has created a Reichswehr which is technically superb and whose morale is all that Schleicher would have it. He knows that conscription brings Socialists into the army, which God forbid! He will work to increase the Reichswehr within limits, but, above all, by recognising and semi-officialising the Nazi troops, and conceivably the Reichsbanner and even "Arbeitsdienst" people (unemployed men who are sent to work on the land, etc., in return for their keep, a device whose use will probably grow), to control all potentially military organisation. In this way both the Nazis and the Reichsbanner could be emasculated, and unemployment relief become a militarist weapon. The old soldiers' Germany would be recreated in a perfected form; the effect of post-war Social Democratic police and small-official appointments would soon cease to count. If Schleicher can succeed along such lines the outlook for Germany and for Europe is indeed grim. The Jehovah-like utterances of von Gayl, the new Minister of the Interior, in which he prefaced a declaration of "hot love" for the German people by proclaiming his conviction that monarchy was the most suitable form of government for a country in Germany's position, were not reassuring. The question is not of immediate importance, but a restoration has ceased to be unthinkable.

The forces of reaction are helped by the terrible breach between the Social Democrat and Communist leaders; as hoarsely as ever the Communist press declares the present position to be entirely the fault of blackguard Social Democracy. The economic policy of the von Papen Government was at first obscure; anti-collectivist declarations aroused fantastic hopes that Reich taxation, at any rate, might decrease. The latest Emergency Decrees, on the contrary, have increased taxation, while reducing unemployment pay to a horrifying level in the final poor relief stage. No plans for alleviating unemployment have been put forward, but while Brüning's programme has been partially scrapped it is clear that the late Government's plans for shortening hours of work, and for planting unemployed on the land where possible, will hold good.

Taking a longer view, and allowing for some unwilling changes in the personnel of the Cabinet after July 31st, no doubt remains that the protection of wages and industrial arbitration, for which the Republic has hitherto provided, will vanish. Nor can Labour resist; with unemployment as it is, a general strike must prove a miserable fiasco.

For the moment the Social Democrats will concentrate upon the election campaign; for this one they still have funds. The much-heard threat of a series of dissolutions, until some party gets an absolute majority, is a revolver levelled straight at Social Democracy. The German Trade Unions have, however, shown a miraculous vitality throughout their history, and their leaders are already drawing up a revised programme with a complete "Plan" for a fundamental socialisation of Germany. Politically the Social Democrats are embarking upon an invigorating opposition after the endless difficulties of coalition and responsibility; the present Cabinet is easy game for a hostile press. If things go far there is no doubt the workers will stand together regardless of their Social Democrat or Communist labels.

The future depends not only upon whether the "Barons" can overcome the enmity of organised labour, but also upon the hostility they encounter from the Centre Party and from the separate States. At present the Catholics are standing firm; the "Barons" hope that they may waver after the Reichstag election, but the Labour element in the

Centre party has grown large. This helps to account for the Centre hostility to von Papen, who was appointed to propitiate the Catholics.

At a difficult time like the present the relations of the separate States to the Central Government are certain to become strained, and the difficulty has been acute since the last batch of elections. In the States, as in the Reich, no party has a majority which makes majority government possible; in the States the old Ministers have mostly carried on as a so-called "business government." This has very naturally caused great indignation among the Nazis in Prussia, who on April 24th became by far the largest party in the Prussian Landtag. For some time it has been on the cards that a Reich Commissioner would therefore be appointed by the Central Government to rule Prussia. Since it is clear that Hitler has an understanding with the new Government, by which he gives them general support in return for the promise of a free hand in the administration of Prussia (and here the importance of the control of the police system of Prussia can never be exaggerated), the liveliest apprehension is aroused. Otto Braun, the famous Socialist Premier of Prussia, has gone on leave, while the battle is being fought out between his Catholic colleague, Hirtsiefer, and Kerrl, the Nazi President of the Prussian Landtag. Meanwhile the arbitrary appointment of the von Papen Government immediately aroused anxiety in the South. In Bavaria the Catholic People's Party is anyway just stronger than the Nazis, and there was at once an angry outcry—why should Bavarians endure the dictation of East Prussian landowners? The interview in Berlin last Sunday between the President and the Chancellor on the one hand, and the Premiers of Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg on the other, does not seem to have cleared the air. Obviously the principle of Reich Commissioners, and the imminent liberation of the Storm Detachments, remained distasteful to the visitors.

With the delegates just gathered at Lausanne this is a moment when nothing can be foreseen. The German Government can with difficulty be termed either popular or constitutional; its members represent, though not specifically, the Nationalist party, whose failure in recent elections has been striking. Yet by posing as saviours of the Fatherland Schleicher and his colleagues are momentarily riding the Nazi flood, while receiving the support of the industrial magnates whom they do not seem to have bothered to consult. Though Hitler is on cordial terms with Big Business, it is indisputable that his movement is basically anti-capitalist; his most able spokesman, Gregor Strasser, represents an important and interesting Left wing in the Party, and it is inconceivable that Schleicher can indefinitely prevent a Nazi split. A slight increase in the Nazi vote on July 31st will not simplify the general's task. Nor will the French at Lausanne. It is unfortunately not true that, as a French friend said to me the other day, "les militaires sont toujours des imbéciles;" but generals have a way of attempting too much. E. W.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. AMERY is one of the few men of faith now in politics. He believes in the Empire as some men believe in the Bible or the dictatorship of the proletariat. He has a positive *Schwärmerei* about tariffs: the very word makes him all sticky and sentimental. Only a man in this state of mind could have written the introduction which he contributes to a collection of reports of the Research Committee of the Empire Economic Union, now published by Faber and Faber under the challenging title of a *A Plan of Action*. He describes how Disraeli lived on for forty years after the desertion of Peel to the cause of free trade—"lived on, a great Parliamentary figure. But never the man he might have been. Henceforward he was a prisoner of the spirit, breathing an alien atmosphere." Hard, I should have thought, on the founder of British imperialism. He describes how Joseph Chamberlain's great tariff speech of 1903 infused new hope into young Imperialists; how it set him and Leo Maxse dancing hand-in-hand round the room "before we could even loose our tongues;" how he founded the Tariff Reform League, and how after long battling against popular prejudices without and "mischances, weaknesses, and betrayals" within, the "endless years" came to an end, and "the long war was won" when Mr. Neville Chamberlain introduced his Budget in 1932. In a world in which international trade is drying up largely because of tariffs this seems to me a very odd enthusiasm. Tariffs are at best a *pis aller*. England has been driven to tariffs at last not because the economic case for tariffs is less bad than it used to be, but because attempts at international co-operation having failed we hope by tariffs to retain a larger slice of the rapidly diminishing cake of world trade than we should do otherwise. The nations are like individuals squabbling on the deck of a sinking ship. Not being able to work together to save it, each drops his little boat over the side in the hope of saving himself.

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Mr. Amery, I presume, would answer that his enthusiasm is not only for British tariffs but Empire Free Trade. Any hopes I may have entertained for this proposal are killed by Mr. Amery's *Plan of Action*. I recommend the book to anyone interested in the possibilities of Ottawa. It contains a series of draft treaties to be made between this country and each of the Dominions. In each case a long list of commodities is given on which, it is suggested, this country should impose a tariff in order that the Dominion's goods may come in free or at half the tariff on foreign goods. In return the Dominion concerned is to allow the British manufactured goods mentioned in a schedule to enter free or at half the tariff on foreign goods. Excellent! Eagerly I turn to the schedule. What are the manufactured goods which the Canadians are going to let in to compete with their own? The schedule reads "Lists to be agreed." And yet I do not believe Mr. Amery is capable of consciously joking on such a question. His draft treaties simply ignore the central problem. Are there any manufactured goods which Canada is likely even to consider accepting freely from this country? So far, Canada's policy when we have made any suggestion of the kind has been to increase her tariffs to foreigners and then to offer us a preference which was still not far from prohibitive. If 40 per cent. is enough to keep our goods out, it would not help us if the tax on the foreigner were 60 or 100 per cent.

* * *

The *Economist* last week published some interesting figures on this subject, the main conclusion of which was that Canada is, in effect, an economic Dominion of the United States. She cannot shut out United States goods for our benefit and her own manufacturers are still shouting that they will not be "sacrificed to Lancashire and Yorkshire." Of course, Canada will be even more anxious to find an expanding market for her wheat than she was at the last Imperial Conference. The price of wheat has actually fallen 10 per cent. during the single month of May and is now at a figure which simply will not repay harvesting. Even so, what basis is there for bargaining? "Even the substitution of Canadian wheat for our entire purchases in the Argentine," says the *Economist*, "would not rid Canada of the necessity of selling part of her crop in foreign markets and thus of accepting the world price for it, while international competition might thereby be disastrously intensified." Why should not we in England face the realities as resolutely as the Canadians do? Economically the Argentine and Denmark are far more parts of the Empire than Canada and South Africa, and I

understand that there is a movement in Denmark in favour of applying for membership of the Commonwealth. This seems to me an excellent idea. We have plenty of historic connections with the Danes and it would be easy to add the necessary sentiment to the basic business advantages. We should soon be reminding ourselves of the Danish place-names and traditions in many parts of the country: the story of Alfred and the cakes would gain a new significance, and the story of Canute's attempt to rule the waves is a sounder legend than Rule Britannia.

* * *

An indignant correspondent has convicted me of error in speaking last week of the Church "complacently" staging the Stiffkey case. The Primate has protested against the exhibition and so have humbler members of the Church. But surely it should have been suspected, before the trial was embarked upon, what kind of trial it would be? Did not the law permit the Bishop of Norwich to proceed against Mr. Davidson for neglect of duty? The other point raised by correspondents is whether I am really challenging the whole principle of publicity as a safeguard to the accused. I am not. But I hold that just as the fact that the case is publicly heard is considered sufficient to ensure a fair trial in divorce cases, so in this case the daily publication of detailed evidence, a good deal of which seemed to the lay mind quite irrelevant to the real charge against Mr. Davidson, was quite unnecessary. Could the iteration of so much almost identical evidence really profit anyone except the legal profession and the evening papers?

* * *

I referred the other day to the spoiling of the countryside west of London. Due south of London the country is being attacked from every side, and in a few years time, if the thing goes on at its present pace, there will be nothing for the eye to rest upon between the Thames and the sea but smug, red-brick suburbanity and the corrugated iron and reinforced concrete of factories. An instance of this destruction may be seen in the valley of the Ouse between Lewes and Newhaven. Until yesterday these water-meadows in the gap between the downs were one of the most beautiful places within sixty miles of London. It is true that the crowning horror of Peacehaven lay only three or four miles away, but it was happily invisible from any spot in the great stretch of valley and downland. Now the destruction has begun. Last year a gentleman bought a few acres of land and built a hideous house on the skyline on the top of the downs to the west. On the east a cement works have been started. One of the most beautiful hollows in the downs has been destroyed. A gigantic building has been put up in the centre of the valley and now dominates everything. When I complain or lament I am told that it is unreasonable to object to industrial development. But why should a company which wants to develop cement be allowed to dump its buildings in a spot which destroys the beauty of many square miles of country? Moreover, there is already a large cement works three miles away just outside Lewes, and yet another just outside Newhaven (neither of which have put up buildings which destroy the beauty of the country). Lastly, I am told that we already make more cement than we can find customers for in England.

* * *

I feel I ought regularly to record in this column a few of the odd things that appear each week in the newspapers. Take the remark of a critic announcing the "Miracle." "*Lady Diana Cooper will appear as the Madonna, the role which she has made famous*," or take Sir Ernest Benn's latest dictum in the *Daily Mail* (June 16th):

> "Fortunately good economies and good morals are one and the same thing. That essential truth is our bulwark against Socialism."

As an example of a third type of oddity this deliciously inconsequential passage from a newspaper account of Sunday's fracas in the pulpit at Stiffkey should be put on record:

> When told that Mr. Harcourt had left on Mr. Davidson's arrival in the morning, Mr. Catell replied: "I don't."

I should be glad if readers will send me extracts which they think worth recording. CRITIC.

CONFESSIONS OF A FREELANCE JOURNALIST

AN after-dinner speaker stated in my hearing that every British roof shelters somebody who writes for the press. Wine inspires many exaggerations, and the assertion was a lie, though paupers occasionally contribute to newspapers, and editors' cheques assist many a convict in a fresh start. It is nevertheless true that a small force of trained professional journalists is supplemented by an enormous guerilla army of freelances, of which I am possibly an unusually successful member. I am, in fact, somewhat disquieted by my own achievements, and seek the hospitality of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to unbosom my disquiet. I belong to a profession for which I was trained, and in which I have reached a position suitable to my age: it might be described as respectable mediocrity, equally remote from failure on the one side and brilliance on the other. This profession is not lucrative, especially in its junior ranges; and I early recognised that if I wished to marry before I was forty, the official income would have to be supplemented. Seeking for some moderately honest increment, I remembered that at the age of fourteen an article despatched in hope to a cage-bird journal had instantaneously produced a contract to produce 1,500 words a week at the princely fee of 10s. per 1,000; and that at eighteen years of age I had augmented a miserly parental allowance by serving as military expert to a defunct weekly magazine, as minor poet to a university journal, and as an authority on birds in general to several other papers. So when the day's work was finished, I reverted to this youthful hobby, and within a couple of years had secured regular columns on technical subjects in several publications, so that marriage became possible. This practice has been continued for over thirty years. Having just completed my income tax return I am able to speak definitely, and claim that during 1931 I sold approximately 250,000 words to various journals at an average fee of about four guineas per 1,000. This entails writing one article every evening in the week except Saturday and Sunday. They are mostly on topics so familiar to me that they can be tossed off in a semi-somnolent condition, and an article rarely occupies more than forty minutes. They are typed off direct, hardly ever rewritten, and demand very little correction. It is a frightful reflection that during my lifetime I have produced more than 10,000,000 words of tolerably superficial reflections on subjects of transient interest and value. It is possibly an even more frightful reflection that the nation, as represented by its editors directly, and indirectly by the public who support these editors in their chairs, has paid me many thousands of pounds for this inconceivable mass of ephemeral rubbish. My editors betray no inclination to supersede me with more capable and worthy contributors. If I attain the normal expectation of life, I shall in all probability sell another £10,000-£20,000 worth of rubbish before I become completely ga-ga. This absurd and gigantic output has possibly assisted thousands of citizens in wasting many idle hours in railway carriages and armchairs. It has not, as far as I can judge, served any other useful purpose. A very small percentage of the copy has dealt with social and political matters of slight importance; but the nett effect cannot have made the world any better, or in any fundamental sense any happier. I occasionally suffer from an uncomfortable misgiving that, except in so far as it has ministered to the comfort and efficiency of a worthy lady and certain

promising offspring, its main benefit to mankind is that it assists the national exchequer. This year I shall pay about £250 in tax.

But my main disquiet penetrates a little deeper than my conquerable but persistent reluctance to stretch out my hand and annex all this money in return for services of such a trivial character. I have just breakfasted; and after the common custom I put some milk in my coffee. That milk reached my table by circuitous methods, but it brought to my mind the picture of a bleary, horny-handed person. Three or four hours before I deigned to open my eyes on a sunny universe, his weary wife waked with a start, jabbed her probably bony elbow into his ribs, and ejected him into a dank, chilly world, through which he staggered to see to his cows, and ensure the presence of that small jug of milk on my table. He sees to his cows seven days a week for an average of about twelve hours a day, and in return is handed by a grateful community the princely sum of 38s. 6d. per week, subject to certain deductions for insurance and the like. I have not met him in the flesh, but he impresses me as being fundamentally far more useful to society than I am. But if I add my professional income to my journalistic earnings, society rewards me on a scale some 1,700 per cent. greater than his scale. The world is obviously crazy. My thoughts flit in similar vein from these absurd earnings of mine to a neighbour who appears to me in cynical moods as being even more absurd than myself. He is by training an engineer. Early in life he achieved the ambition of every sordidly minded engineer, and invented a small domestic appliance for which he foresaw a universal demand. The demand was not completely universal, but he sold 900,000 of the article in question. When he completed his accounts, he discovered that he had lost money on the project. Some 55 per cent. of the turnover had gone into the pockets of publicity men. Shrewd to the core, he realised that the twentieth century prefers people who talk to people who act. So he quitted the engineering world at speed, recommenced life as a publicity expert, and now treads the primrose path. In expansive moods he may be heard to remark that whatever happens to the rest of the world, the publicity man treads on velvet. Is trade good? Sound articles can only be sold in tens of thousands with the aid of the publicity man. Unsound articles cannot be revealed as such to the simpletons who believe in them until the publicity man has proved that the most lavish expenditure on advertising cannot induce the public to share the enthusiasms of the producer. Is trade bad? Since people are unwilling to part with their money, expenditure on publicity must be doubled, trebled and quadrupled, so that the public may be induced to buy something which they cannot afford and do not desire. At the present moment he is happily occupied in organising the sale of a petty commodity, which costs about 9d. to make. The retailers are allotted vast commissions so that they may push it across the counter at John Citizen. He is allotted thousands of pounds so that he may scream its merits on hoardings and front pages, until the public experience adequate curiosity and arrive at the counters across which myriads of young men and women are ardently pushing the commodity. In the final chapter the man who invented the article and the directors who earmarked a plant to make it will probably find they have spent all their money, which is really shareholders' money. At the finish my neighbour will gleefully register pleasant items in his personal budget. Innumerable members of the public will possess (if still unbroken) a moderately useless article which cost 9d. to make and for which they have paid 7s. 6d. A clever engineer will (probably) have been fired. Five or six directors may be looking for fresh positions of dignity and irresponsibility. Several hundred shareholders will be wondering whether to burn valueless scrip. And as many horny-handed sons and daughters of toil will be applying for the dole, or seeking fresh occupation. And this is civilisation!

X. Y. Z.

EASILY PLEASED

I SAW a butterfly fluttering over a bus in Holborn during the week, and, though it was only a cabbage white, I felt a most pleasant sensation as I watched it stumbling through the air above the traffic and the heads of the passers-by. My heart did not exactly leap up, but it was aware of a considerable increase of exhilaration. Yet not so many years ago, when I had a garden and was attempting to grow vast vegetables, I found no pleasure in the sight of a cabbage white or of a score of cabbage whites. My dislike of death made me prevent the cat from chasing them, but I regarded them merely as destroyers of green-stuffs, and wished they would prey on some other garden than mine. I had as cold a welcome for them as a game-keeper has for those beautiful creatures the hawk and the owl. Besides, they committed the unpardonable sin of being common. In London all this is changed. I no longer grow vegetables and, as a result, I can look on nature unselfishly. Besides, even a white butterfly is enough of a rarity in a city street to give us the pleasure of surprise. So perverse are we that merely to see a thing in the wrong place can give us enjoyment.

During the week I also saw a snake writhing on the pavement of a London street. I have no loathing for snakes: I merely become more cautious when I see them; and I have never seen enough of them for them to have lost the interest of novelty. A young man, less subject to prudent curiosity than I, was beating the unhappy snake with a stick when I arrived, and had already injured its neck beyond repair. I told him that I thought it was only a grass-snake and that there was no need to kill it. "Isn't it dangerous?" he asked. "You mean to say that if I took it up it wouldn't bite me? I'd like to take it home, then." I dissuaded him from this on the ground that it was already half-dead, so that the only thing to do was to put it out of its misery. A postman thereupon set his heel on the creature's head. "Even if they're not dangerous," he philosophised, "they might frighten people, and it's better to kill them." And the corpse of a reptile that had committed the crime of looking too like an adder was ignominiously tossed down a drain. I confess I should have preferred to see the snake alive and to have restored it, or persuaded somebody else to restore it, to the security of a garden. A snake in a suburb is not a thing that one sees every day in the week.

It is fortunate that human beings are so easily pleased by such mildly surprising sights as a butterfly in the city or a snake in a street. For life seldom goes on for very long without furnishing a small surprise or two. The pleasure that is commonly taken in the sound of the postman's knock is largely pleasure in the possibility of a surprise. I have lost most of my belief in the surprise that comes through the post. Official demands and bills have dulled and vulgarised that medium of delight. But the young, I fancy, who pay neither bills nor taxes are still Victorian in their attitude to the postman.

The interest we take in games may also be accounted for by our expectation of a series of surprises. County cricket may be slow enough nowadays, but even in county cricket we can be almost sure of a surprise every two hours or so. Batsmen may play ball after ball as if the ball were a bomb that would explode if they struck it too hard, but suddenly see Chapman darting out his hand, swift as a tiger's spring, to make a catch that nobody else on earth could have made, and the ecstasy of surprise is reborn in the most bored spectator. How delightful a surprise, again, was that glorious six of Nayudu's when, in the match with M.C.C., he lifted the ball with such power that it struck the restaurant at Lord's. There are some who criticise Bradman's play and find it mechanical, but at least he knows how to send the ball in a direction that surprises the fielders and spectators alike.

As for Rugby football, as a rule it contains more surprises in an hour and a half than cricket in a day and a half. Every time the dummy is sold, the player to whom it is sold experiences a particularly unpleasant surprise, but how pleasant is the surprise of the onlookers! And, after a long spell of monotonous mauling and scrummaging, what an exhilaration to see the ball suddenly in the hands of a swift and skilful threequarter who winds his way through an entire team as though their hands were as insubstantial as the hands of ghosts! Never is one game exactly like another. Never does the ball move along exactly the same paths as it moved along in other games. Evidence that love of Rugby football is largely the love of surprise is to be seen in the fact that when the critics wish to belittle some particular threequarter play they describe it as "orthodox." The heretic with his surprises is the hero of the football field.

The same passion rules on the racecourse. Even though the horses may be third-rate hacks, we are surprised into delight by a desperate neck-and-neck finish. It is true that most of the surprises on the racecourse are unpleasant ones. Backers of certainties have too often surprise registered on their miserable faces. But what a delicious surprise when the poor punter, after not having spotted a winner for a month, sees the horse that he has backed at twenty to one with its nose in front of the only horse that is challenging it at the winning-post! Even the stay-at-home backer who has never seen a horse outside a city street experiences a fraction of that surprise. It is on the eternal hope of surprise that the bookmakers flourish.

Women in their clothes provide further testimony to the universal passion for surprise. The best-dressed woman is the woman who, without surprising us excessively, surprises us delightfully with her dress. The clothes of men attract little attention because men as far as possible avoid surprising effects in their dress. Few men at parties are congratulated by their friends on the wonderfulness of their tail-coats and white waistcoats. Yet it is the commonest thing in the world to hear "My dear, what a perfectly wonderful frock!" addressed to a woman. Never have I heard a comment on my dress in a public place unless my tie was coming undone or a stud had worked its way out of the stud-hole. All women's fashions are founded on the love of springing fresh surprises. A woman—at least, many a woman—feels ashamed to appear in a frock that she has worn so often that it can no longer surprise anybody. A man may go to a party in clothes that he has been wearing at parties for several years, but a woman—at least, many a woman—would rather abjure parties altogether than appear at them year after year in the same frock.

In theory I hold that men are the wiser sex in this matter and that women, having obtained the vote, should think less of clothes and more of citizenship. It is an edifying thought, but I am not sure that it is true. The butterfly in Holborn has shaken me in my philosophy. If we human beings are all Columbuses engaged in a perpetual quest after surprise, we cannot fairly condemn those of our fellow-creatures who minister assiduously to our love of surprise. It would be as reasonable to censure the seasons or the English climate. The fact that people do censure the English climate is not to the point. The only occasions on which the English climate may be justly criticised are when it ceases to be surprising and pours down rain upon us with diabolical monotony, as it did last summer. Let it provide a surprise, however, as it has done during this week of gold, and who would exchange it for the blue and gold of the Mediterranean? And the charming thing about good weather in England is that, however long it lasts, it never ceases to be surprising. It is only bad weather that becomes monotonous. Sunlight and green leaves, beautifully dressed women and beautiful horses at Ascot—what a surprising and delightful week and world to be alive in! No wonder that in such a world even Holborn produces its butterfly, fluttering, a symbol of grace and joy, above the petrol fumes. Y. Y.

A CHANCE FOR THE AXE

The present outrageous cost of primary education must be halved.—A. A. B. in *Evening Standard*, June 14th.

THAT'S how I feel myself; in days like these
When some can hardly raise the prep. school fees
Which, year by year, supply a grateful nation
With "gentlemen in the second generation,"
Must they be taxed as well, to educate
These beggars' brats by favour of the State?
Think of the waste that Percy's note reveals—
The millions squandered in providing meals
For kids their parents had no right to bear,
And costly medical and dental care:
And all for what? To swell the Labour poll
With more and sturdier claimants of the dole.
Think of the thousands spent with airy grace
To make the school, forsooth, a pleasant place,
And teach, by contrast, Bolshie discontent
With drab surroundings and slum tenement.
Think of the teaching! If we must have schools
Let them provide us with obedient tools
Who've learned to cook, lay bricks, or copy letters,
Some shorthand, and their duty to their betters;
Not stuffed with history, poetry, and art—
Things without value in the Labour mart—
Nor taught to think, and criticise at sight
What we, their natural leaders, speak or write.
We'd save two-thirds the vote, were education
Confined to fitting children for their station.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE INDIAN IMPASSE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—You will, most likely, be unable to appreciate the sense of relief which your sane article upon India in your issue of May 7th has brought to some of us in this country who have looked (mostly in vain) for some indication of understanding from the more clear-thinking members of the press in England.

In spite of Sir Samuel Hoare's frequent assurances that things are better in India, that the Ordinances are working well, without affecting law-abiding citizens, and that the Congress are crushed, the facts of the case do not entirely bear him out. Nor does the future seem to warrant any very optimistic outlook.

At this most critical time in India's history there was everything to gain by going to the utmost limits of compromise in the search for some basis of co-operation as between the Government and the Congress. The differences which do admittedly exist and which are the causes of the present war cannot be solved by the simple expedient of banishing them. To argue as to who was responsible for the existing impasse is equally profitless. However wrong-headed the Congress may have been in many directions, they have and do emphasise the economic aspect of the problem which is fundamentally at the root of the present trouble. They have, moreover, an economic policy affecting the mass of the peasant population which is at least worthy of consideration. It is, in fact, this particular angle of approach which makes it inevitable that the Congress should come into conflict with those who still believe that the present system of government—albeit a national one—is suitable for an agricultural people in a primitive stage of development.

I am convinced that an increasing number of Indians, educated and responsible, are only too well aware of the unreality of the proceedings of the Round Table Conference, where a host of Indian commercialists, in the main representing little more than their own interests, are wrangling with their British compeers for the division of the future spoils. On the other hand, and in spite of the unholy alliance between the Congress and the Indian millionaires (funds must be found somehow), the true activities of the Congress can be gauged from a perusal of the list of associations and institutions which have been banned

under the Ordinances and which, running into hundreds, include such things as village schools and libraries.

Your article naturally raises the question: what of Sir Samuel Hoare's policy? He has stated that it is a dual one; firmness together with a steady progress with constitutional reform.

His firmness is represented by the Ordinances. Though I could give you instances where Ordinance rule has not been the Heaven-sent blessing for law-abiding citizens which it is supposed to be, that is not important compared with the fact that by its means free expression of national sentiment is suppressed, a movement largely non-violent is being driven underground and, without leaders, is becoming more irresponsible and less non-violent, and moderate sympathies are being steadily alienated. In fact, it is a policy calculated to undermine the very basis of good will upon which ultimately British interests in India must rest. In parenthesis it might be mentioned that needless and often groundless attacks upon the Congress uttered at frequent intervals by the Secretary of State for India and other responsible politicians and public men do not conduce towards better feeling.

His progress with constitution-making is a process whereby in due course a constitution will be offered to India which it is known now will not be acceptable to a large body of Indians and especially those who have been excluded from taking any part in the preliminary discussions.

Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Coy., Bombay. W. E. LUCAS.

AN APPEAL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May we beg the hospitality of your columns for an urgent appeal to save a piece of work of international importance which, unless further help is obtained, must come to an end?

In 1928 Councillor W. G. Ballinger, of Motherwell, went out to South Africa at the invitation of the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, the native Trade Union organisation, as its technical adviser. He found on arrival that, through the ignorance and inexperience of its members, the exploitation of unscrupulous white lawyers, and the severity of the Labour and Pass laws, this once flourishing body was in chaos and its treasury empty. Instead of throwing up the job he laboured for two years to prevent the complete bankruptcy and breakdown of the union. But no expert could, under present conditions, build up any comprehensive and reliable organisation of African workers. What Mr. Ballinger was able to do was to keep open a central office, as a nucleus of industrial organisation, which has served the natives well in wage adjustments and legal difficulties. Meanwhile, he has acquired an unprecedented knowledge of the needs and psychology of the industrialised natives. This knowledge he has used in evidence before Government commissions, in advisory educational work amongst the natives, and in most valuable efforts to bring black and white workers into closer contact and understanding.

His common sense, wisdom and loyalty have overcome the suspicions with which both black and white once greeted him. He has more recently been co-operating with such bodies as the Joint Councils of Europeans and Natives, and the Workers' Educational Association; acts as adviser to the new native movement for co-operative trading in the Rand mining area; and his investigations into the effect of industrial conditions upon the natives of the three British Protectorates in South Africa proved so valuable that the Witwatersrand University both contributed a grant to his inquiries in Bechuanaland and encouraged its Senior Lecturer in History to accompany him and assist in drafting his report.

The present crisis, however, has intensified every economic rivalry and racial prejudice in South Africa. New legislation is turning Africans off the land they once occupied, and unrest and suspicions are growing daily. Ballinger's work was never more greatly needed, for only a man who has already won the confidence of the Africans can properly appreciate either their psychological reactions or the problems that arise from their sudden contact with modern industrial conditions. He is fitted by every quality of character and experience to undertake that planned process of investigation and relief which may be the only remedy against the rising disaffection. The single obstacle against this is financial.

Hitherto Ballinger's expenses have been met by a trust fund supplied both by individuals and by grants from the international and British Trade Union movements. He has received not a penny of the salary originally promised by the I.C.U. and has spent on the work his own capital and savings. He has lived with extraordinary frugality, has twice been seriously ill, and has constantly faced considerable risks of every kind. He has refused offers of highly paid appointments which would have imposed unacceptable limitations upon his work for Africans. But now the trust fund is depleted; owing to the financial crisis subscriptions have been perforce diminished or withdrawn, and now the work must stop unless the public will support it.

What we need is a regular guaranteed salary of £400 a year for a term of years, with another £400 for working expenses. All money received will be administered through the trust fund, audited by Messrs. Howard Pim and Hardy, Chartered Accountants, of Johannesburg. At a time when the closer economic relationship of the Empire and the need for avoiding industrial disturbances are constantly in their minds, we appeal to men and women in this country to prevent the wastage of experience, ability and opportunity which the loss of Mr. Ballinger to South Africa would mean. Donations, large or small, will be most gratefully received, and should be sent to Mr. F. S. Livie-Noble, 44 Denbigh Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

G. BERNARD SHAW.
H. G. WELLS.
OLIVIER.
WILLIAM M. CARTER (Archbishop).
C. RODEN BUXTON.
F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.
CONSTANCE MALLESON.
WINIFRED HOLTBY.
SANDERSON.
RUSSELL.
LEONARD BARNES.
E. PETHICK LAWRENCE.
ARNOLD PLANT.
EDWIN W. SMITH.
JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.
FREDK. S. LIVIE-NOBLE.

44 Denbigh Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

THE FUR CRUSADE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If women only knew the tortures which wild animals are subjected to in order to provide them with furs, I am quite sure that they would buy only those named on the White List as being humanely obtained; or better still, fur fabrics, which, of course, entail no cruelty whatever. The fur fabric trade is a growing British industry which is capable of employing thousands of our people, if only the public will give it more support.

An old trapper, who gave up his occupation, being nauseated by the cruelty it involved, has written as follows:

> How long does the poor victim suffer? The laws say that a trapper must visit his traps very often, but, as a matter of fact, this law is never obeyed on account of the weather conditions.
>
> Crossing a stream, we look at our musk rat (musquash) traps. In one was a foot and some twisted sinews protruding from it.
>
> Many animals have been caught by the only foot they possessed, the other three feet having been lost in former traps.
>
> (N.B.—Sinews cannot be broken by twisting; they must be gnawed through or pulled out from the whole length of the limb.)
>
> I came to a twitch-up snare of twisted brass wire. In the air, struggling in it, was a beautiful fox. The wires had severed the skin of its belly and were embedded in the bleeding flesh, the skin being drawn back on each side of the wound. It must have been in this condition, O God, how long? And still it was not quite dead!
>
> My last bear I heard for many days, before suspecting what the sounds were. I found the half-grown animal half-dead with its foot gangrened and stinking. Its teeth were broken with trying to sever the steel jaws of the enormous trap. . . . The bear's other leg was mutilated by its own agonised and frantic biting.
>
> From eight to ten beavers are killed for one coat, about eighty mink skins make one wrap. Practically all animals with paws undergo hellish tortures in the steel trap, which also induces an intense thirst that cannot be slaked. If women only knew of these things, I feel sure that they would never buy another trapped fur.

It is indeed time that the steel-toothed trap which tortures was abolished by law. I am glad to say that it is now no longer necessary for catching rats, as a new and very efficient light steel trap is now made by the Gripper Mfg. Co., Portland Road, Leicester. This trap kills vermin instantly in a humane way.

It is just three years since I started this campaign, which has now extended all over the world. 210,000 of my leaflets, "Horrors of Fur Trapping" have been sent out free of charge; and these now contain the White List of humane furs. Over 1,000 advertisements and many letters have been inserted in the press. I want to do very much more, but am always handicapped by lack of funds.

May I ask your readers to help me, if they possibly can, in this work of outlawing the greatest mass martyrdom in the world to-day?

CHARLES VAN DER BYL (Major),
Founder of the Fur Crusade.

Wappenham Ho.,
Towcester, Northants.

A NEW CURRENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have the privilege of being an American observer in London, and partly in that capacity should like to comment on Mr. Davenport's ingenious but diabolical articles on "A New Currency" in your two latest issues. It may still be possible for nations to be masters of their own destinies, though current conditions, for example in America, do not indicate this. Once a nation enters into the trade of the outside world for profit it sets up a chain of influences from which it cannot detach itself without pain. Great Britain seems the last nation which could now regain complete mastery of its destinies, economically speaking, and it is doubtful if any power can. There is daily, however, evidence that we are all striving for the unattainable.

It is, of course, true that Mr. Davenport's currency system would be by definition nationalistic. The price to be paid for such a system—to follow the argument in your article—is the acceptance of a barter system of trade as the most advantageous for the world as a whole. I must confess to being tempted to attack this point of view, if only because it is so obviously intended that the hand at the helm of any scheme, monetary or commercial, should be that of Great Britain. If it is true that it is unsafe for the world to return to a system whose management lies in the hands of others than Great Britain, it might be to the advantage of the world to commission Great Britain to do the managing for a certain fee, but it is hardly likely that Great Britain by itself will be economically dominant in this century as she was in the last. Great Britain seems a well-drilled army with, by comparison with some other nations, a really remarkable morale. Economically, however, this army has little ammunition, and in some instances its armaments are antiquated. The United States, by comparison, gives the appearance of having an enormous amount of highly assorted and murderous economic equipment at present in the hands of disorganised groups.

Touching on the broad outlines of the plan suggested for a clearing house system of trade on the basis of goods and not on a basis of currency and exchange, it seems a justifiable criticism of the argument underlying this plan that it is not the faults inherent in any system that have heretofore caused a breakdown, but the management of the system. On this point there is room for argument as to who caused the breakdown. I might suggest that Great Britain has her full share of responsibility for pushing down this edifice of the international gold exchange system as far as she is concerned. Getting down to the actual mechanics of the clearing house system for trade, it seems to limit exchanges to bilateral transactions. If one got into the question of balancing debits and credits in the case of two countries which had no direct trade with each other but were required to settle on the net balances obtained through dealings with third or fourth or fifth parties, administration would seem to become so complicated as to make it quite impossible for it to succeed. In conclusion, I should suggest that we either purge old systems like the gold standard of management or, if we search for new systems of trade, that we endeavour to have all balances met in the most automatic way possible, and this without reverting to more primitive means of commerce than we have had for many, many years before this particular crisis. "Management" has been the great disillusion of the post-war period. H. PRUD'HOMME.

[Mr. Davenport will reply to his critics at an early date.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE EXPERT AND THE POLITICIAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your last two issues you have, in common with other newspapers, indulged in some facetious criticisms of the expert commissions at Geneva. The expert is always a target, particularly as he cannot reply, and it may be that some of your strictures are justified.

On the other hand, two points may be made in his favour. In the first place the General Commission have only themselves to thank if they get political answers to political questions. The technical Commissions should never have been asked the question, "What armaments are the most specifically offensive?" No agreement could ever be reached on such a question, and the least unsatisfactory reply is that it depends generally upon the intention of the user. The question which they should have been asked should have read somewhat as follows: "The General Commission is of opinion that it is desirable to abolish or restrict certain classes of capital ships, submarines, bombing aircraft, tanks and heavy guns. Above what figure do you recommend abolition in each case in order that the power of the defender may be strengthened against the aggressor?"

In the second place, it must be remembered that the expert is merely speaking in accordance with the instructions received from his Government, and that he has no power to negotiate or compromise. The responsibility, therefore, for the opinions expressed must rest upon the Government, whose servant he is and whose views he represents. ONE OF THEM.

Geneva.

THE KENYA LAND COMMISSION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—When Mr. J. F. Horrabin has devoted as much effort as I have been devoting for the last thirty years to inducing white men to see things from the point of view of Africans in both hemispheres (whom I do not myself regard as "foreigners") I shall be prepared to seek his kind enlightenment in aid of my "fine old English incapacity" in that connection. Meanwhile the pertinence of his letter in your issue of June 11th is not, to me, obvious. I have not argued that Africans have no reason for suspicion of European disinterestedness: I have merely urged that they will be well advised not to boycott the Kenya Land Commission, while the sole practical tendency of Mr. Horrabin's letter would appear to be to encourage their disposition to do—a tendency which I think "regrettable."

OLIVIER.

Old Hall,
Ramsden, Charlbury.

DEATH ON THE ROADS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I read the article in your issue of May 21st with interest. I started driving a car in 1905 and a friend said to me, "There is nothing in driving a car if you never allow yourself to get into a tight place." That is still true: the only way to drive is to be ready to pull up if occasion requires. It is carrying on when you cannot see your road that causes the accidents. The way to stop them is to cancel the driving licence in the event of accident, leaving the owner to prove that he was free from blame. I am quite ready to accept my licence on these terms and I think the number cancelled would be negligible.

I. HERBERT SCRUTTON.

Daglingworth Manor,
Cirencester.

Miscellany

TRAGEDY AND THE BOX-OFFICE

IF it can be imagined that a young p'aywright, not yet an established success, was offering to a manager a play that had in it both the seed and the harvest of tragedy, it can further be imagined that the line of argument to greet him would be something as follows: "But, my dear boy, the public doesn't want unhappy endings, the public won't *stand* unhappy endings . . . of course, the critics may sometimes like 'em . . . you and I may know, between ourselves, that the play might even have a little *succès d'estime*; but for all that, unless you can see your way to turning your suicide into a legacy" (or your Condemned Cell into a Marriage Altar, as the case may be) "the putting on of your play would be the surest way of closing my theatre."

The argument is no flight of imagination whatever,

As far as it goes, it could have been taken down verbatim, and many times over, by any shorthand-typist employed by almost any London manager in the last decade. Sometimes it is elaborated. The frank vulgarian will admit—as he has done in my presence—that he went himself last night to the musical comedy, ***Kiss Me Quick***, and came from it definitely a better and a braver man. The amateur of psychology will go into explanations and origins: "With things as they are at the minute . . . not too good in the City . . . everyone worried . . . the public has a right to demand 'entertainment,' and not to have its depression deepened." The general principle, uncontested, has governed the London stage for the last ten years. And yet it is an argument—to quote a phrase that I borrow from the urbane Anatole France in one of his rare moods of exasperation—so "screamingly false and futile" as to suggest that managers never go anywhere outside their own theatres, but sit in the box-office unhinged by the magnitude of their own failures.

To refute it, one need not answer principle with principle. Napoleon, urging that "High tragedy is the school of great men; it warms the soul, raises the heart, can and ought to create heroes," is beside the point. Napoleon, drunk with Ossian, had not to pay a company nor run a theatre; and managers could retort that the schooling of great men and the creation of heroes is no part of the business of those who have. It is to the Court of Appeal that managers themselves would first fly to—to the Box-office, the Balance-sheet, the Press Room, the 300-Night Run, and to Provincial-, American-, Translation- and Cinema-Rights—that the argument should be carried. And when we get there, we see what we see. . . .

Almost it could be said of the last ten years in the London theatre, that the *only* plays that have made their mark in that time on the big general public have been plays with unhappy endings. There are a few clear-cut and highly specialised exceptions. Two separate firms, those of Messrs. Walls and Henson, directed by experts and employing experts, have established a line of consistently successful farces. (It would be only paying a compliment to its exponents to say that it has always been fundamentally the same farce.) Comedies have succeeded—a few of the most brilliant of them. There are a hundred comedies produced a year in London, and money-makers have been found, at long intervals, and each one arising from a score of disasters. But when one comes to recite a litany of the "real big-money" plays—plays, that is to say, in which managers, backers and hard business-men have alike been most pleased to have had their money—the litany is a litany of ***Journey's End***, of ***The Constant Nymph***, of ***Autumn Crocus***, of ***Loyalties***, of ***The Skin Game***, of ***A Bill of Divorcement***, of ***Young Woodley***, and even of Strindberg's appalling catastrophe, ***The Father***.

All these plays, varying in quality—and I am discussing now not æsthetics but the passionless logic of balance-sheets—had in them only one feature in common: they were all in one way or another tragedies, and most of them desperate tragedies.

Journey's End was the most celebrated, a success of unprecedented intensity. Its middle-aged hero, Osborne, gets killed. Its sympathetic juvenile lead gets killed. It has no feminine interest; and its chief surviving character, a dipsomaniac, quits the scene presumably to be blown to pieces by the barrage in the misty dawn of March 21st in front of St. Quentin. But the play made £70,000 in royalties for its author, and £200,000 in profits for its manager; it was played in every town larger than a village in England, Europe, America and the Colonies, and £17,000 was paid by a cinema firm for the film rights. (It is perhaps worth recalling that half the Committee of the Stage Society were against giving the play its first performance.)

But the really remarkable thing is that though ***Journey's End*** was outstanding in the degree of its success, its actual "kind" of success—tragedy that draws crowds to see it—was echoed or anticipated by almost every important play of the same period. ***Loyalties*** ends in the suicide of one chief character and the social ostracism of the other, and ***Loyalties*** was Mr. Galsworthy's surest money-maker. ***The Skin Game***, another tragedy, saved the original Reandean management with a year's run. ***Young Woodley***, another tragedy, was successful in London and New York, and was toured all over the world. ***The Constant Nymph*** was the most successful play of its year, and its heroine dies as the curtain falls. ***Autumn Crocus***, one of the most successful plays produced last year, ends—if not in tragedy—at least in broken romance and frustration. It is not driving the argument too far, but merely keeping it to the strictest evidence of box-office, balance-sheet and the number of nights run, to point out that the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, in the whole course of its career transferred only three plays to the centre of London with big financial success. One of them was the first play that made Mr. Noel Coward's name, ***The Vortex***, a tragedy. Another was Strindberg's ***The Father***, which was less perhaps a tragedy than the sheer nightmare of a man of genius. And the third, Mr. Sutton Vane's ***Outward Bound***, if it was a comedy, was at least far removed from the managers' conventional idea of a comedy.

The above list—not exhaustive: there was also ***The Barretts of Wimpole Street***, which was no harlequinade for its chief character—is enough to prove the (at least comparatively) screaming falseness and futility of the idea that the "public won't stand unhappy endings." Those who hold to the idea—a large majority among London managers—not only do not move outside their own theatres, but fail to read even the theatrical papers. And their policy is by way of being disastrous for the theatre in general, and also for actors and acting.

The public does not flock to plays with unhappy endings because they have unhappy endings. Wild as my thesis may appear to the commercial gentlemen, it stops short of saying that. But plays that risk unhappy endings have a trick of dealing more boldly and honestly (and perhaps more fully) with the passions than plays with conventionally happy endings—and, by the same token, they have a trick of providing far finer acting parts. The plays that I have cited are each associated with some unusually fine feat of the art of acting that has "drawn the public," and that has deserved to draw it. The extinguished genius of Meggie Albanesi is remembered ten years after her death because she had it in her young personality to communicate the nameless "thrill"—of tension of the spirit—of high drama. And she did it in tragic plays like ***A Bill of Divorcement***, and not in light comedies like ***Lilies of the Field***. Nobody remembers anything about Mr. Robert Loraine's light comedy performances of the last ten years, except that he once turned me out of his theatre for criticising one of them; but the intellectual power and ferocity of his grasp on the chief part in Strindberg's nightmare kept him on the map as one of our few big tragic actors. And if Miss Edna Best were to cease acting to-morrow, she would be remembered, not for her adequate handling of cigarette-holders and cocktail-shakers in a dozen comedies that hoped they were comic, and light comedies that hoped they were light, but for something tender and delicate and eternal that she brought to the sacrificial Tessa in ***The Constant Nymph***.

The public will go to the theatre when it can see parts with fine acting opportunities. It never fails to go. There are even actors on the stage who will rise to these opportunities—though demand for their services is getting less and less frequent. The London theatre, strong in its theory of "no unhappy endings," puts its money into forty light comedies in succession before it will risk a single drama or tragedy—where alone it still has a clear advantage over the cinema. The state of affairs is worth drawing attention to.

For it is chiefly because of this state of affairs that the theatre of London is dying, or is nearly dead.

HUBERT GRIFFITH.

Addendum. How, it may be asked, if I complain so bitterly of the stupidity of London managements, do I account for the fact of my list of successful tragedies being produced at all? The answer: Five of them were produced by a single management, and two more were sponsored originally by private play-producing societies. *Further Addendum.* The outstandingly successful "straight" play in London at the moment is *Musical Chairs*—a tragedy.

PANORAMA

JUNE sparkles agreeably in the galleries, but hardly flames. Few of the shows are above efficient entertainment level, though they are bright, lively affairs which go well with the *éclat* of an opening Season. There is plenty of accomplishment, of brilliant craftsmanship; but just that clinching touch of conviction, which was the mark, for instance, of Mr. Thornton's and Miss Eve Kirk's recent exhibitions, is missing. The artists, one feels, have taken pleasure in their subjects, and in painting them, yet without being deeply moved. The surface is charming, but there is nothing beyond; the sharp, detached scenes and figures have no context, no hinterland of emotion.

Thus, at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Burra shows scraps of life in ports, tropics, slums and music-halls. It cannot be denied that they are great fun, that there is real gusto in them. The colours glow splendidly, the queer patchwork pattern tickles the fancy, the *danse macabre* of *John Deth* even shares its thrill with Poe, yet the result is curiously empty. For one feels that Mr. Burra is not really as naive as an *imagier d'Epinal*, and that the ingenuity of his simplicity is, after all, a little cold-blooded. But it is significant that two of his most successful conceptions are designs for the ballet *Rio Grande*, and every theatrical producer should make acquaintance with his work. At the same gallery a sensation is provided by Mr. Glyn Philpot's "going modern." Respect is due to this Academician of acknowledged competence for having the courage to go beyond the limits of his own convention, of which the portraits of M. Julien Zaïre are very good examples. Unfortunately the new Mr. Philpot has not yet emerged from the protective layers of Blake, Chirico and Souverbie, and it is fairest to suspend judgment upon the chrysalis. "Beldy's" tissue pictures are delightful embroidery, but are not pictures.

On the other hand, Miss Marion Dorn's rugs at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery come very near being pictures and are admirable rugs as well. Here is abstract art in its proper place, and the old quarrel between art and utility settled with perfect tact, by making it useful. Her neighbour, Miss Cathleen Mann, shows portraits of graceful composition and delicate, alluring colour, though conveying little sense of character. The landscapes are gay and vivid, and if she dwells in a land where it is nearly always afternoon she at least fixes the evanescent glitter with swift precision. M. Gernet's pictures of Honfleur and its rippling water, his still-lifes and nudes, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, have a similar vivacious elegance, while Mr. Sickert's version there of Miss Earhart's landing is like a fragment of a magnificent modern fresco.

Sir John Lavery's studies for his Academy picture of the Court at Messrs. Colnaghi's have a vitality lacking in the completed work, but the other landscapes and portraits are sadly machine-made. At the Lefevre Galleries Mr. Volkoff's Italian scenes just miss reaching a credible convention, and remain set and prettified. Mr. McBey's water-colours are lucid and faithful. The medium is handled with exquisite skill; he has caught the English scene. At the Wertheim Gallery Mr. Alec Walker's Cornwall is rather too emphatic, but Miss Mary Buchanan's glimpses of various parts of the world are instantaneous and lively. Mr. Gair Wilkinson's Tuscany at the Five Arts Society is too lack-lustre; Sir Alfred Gilbert's little bronzes are exquisite. At the Ward Gallery Mrs. Strauss's sculpture in different mediums reaches beyond ornament into real plastic statement. Mrs. Herbert's drawings are too much like Mr. Wadsworth's to be judged on their own merits, but are a good basis for more independent work in the future. One must turn to Miss Nina Hamnett at the Zwemmer Gallery to see how much individuality can be put into line, and to be roused by work which has point of view in more than the technical sense. Line is again triumphant in Mr. Gooden's engravings at the Ulysses Bookshop, and his technical skill needs no recommendation. At Messrs. Keble's, in Carlisle Street, over thirty young English painters show designs for mural decorations. They display a resourcefulness in invention which fully justifies the contemporary trend towards illustration in art, while Messrs. Keble have established a most useful means of liaison between householder and decorator.

After such concentrated modernity it is worth being reminded by Mr. Moppet-Perkins, at the Foyle Art Gallery, that impressionism is still an entirely satisfactory method for conveying the "feeling" of a scene. His tradition is that of Sisley, Pissarro and Steer, and his work offers more than simply entertainment value. There is an immediate sense of contact and emotional recognition in *Opening Night*, with its street lights, the roofs and snow of *Church of the Holy Name*, and the Thames pictures. The marine water-colours have the real tang of the sea. The artist comprehends in his subject more than its purely visual significance. There is the same feeling of sympathy and intimacy in Miss Thérèse Lessore's exhibition at the Wilson Gallery. Her conversation-pieces, circus-scenes, and the delightful *Bank Holidays* are as good as ever, but painted from a palette of increased range. And at the London Artists' Association Mr. Douglas Davidson displays English landscapes rich in joyful abundance and really exhilarating to the eye. These last three exhibitions enable the pilgrim, even though weary, to end his perambulation in good temper.

T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mixing the Drinks

RURITANIA is not a place which lends itself to satire. Fantastic in essence, it should not be blamed for its unlikeness to the real world. Intending to make of *Men About the House* a skit on Ruritanian manners, Mr. Robert York inevitably falls a victim to the things he mocks. His story of a gorgeous stage favourite, who sways the fortunes of her country, should have been amusing. Revolver shots without and badinage within. Seated on Madame Varda's sofa, both Republicans and Royalists think honour well lost for love and are ready to forsake their cause if she desires it. But the melodrama, which is the stuff of life in a state like this of Kondesburg, will not be denied. Soon there is occasion for tears and beating of breasts. Madame Varda shrinks from an abductor, and her dull but faithful husband from a prison cell. Positively, the situation becomes quite alarming. Hastily, Mr. York tries to explain that he did not really mean it. In trips the President to encircle the lady with a senile arm. But the author's hearty laughter comes too late. His wit is of the kind to season a domestic comedy. Miss Olga Lindo, as the siren, is much too exuberant to charm. The rest of the cast at the Globe undergo a trying ordeal with distinction.

Play About Pictures

The milder forms of satire provide a good deal of fun in *Hocus Pocus*, a new comedy at the Garrick. The subject is present-day art dealing, and if the dealers get the worst of it painters and buyers get some of the fun poked at them.

The artist is not just another of those frail and ill-mannered stage geniuses who are so tiring, but simply a gifted painter who cannot make a penny except as a pavement artist in Whitechapel or as an infant prodigy in Bond Street. So his first exhibition, under his own name, is a complete fiasco, while his second, under his son's, makes his fortune in five minutes. By making the artist tolerable the author has found some new possibilities in this old-fashioned idea, and an accomplished German actor, Mr. Walter Janssen, uses them to advantage when he gets under way after a depressing first act in a garret. The play itself is nothing if not up to date, in spite of the garret and two millionaires. Names like Cézanne and Renoir are bandied about as those of giants of the past, and rising young British artists have contributed works for the hero's one-man show, so that the stage is transformed into a miniature London Group, and a catalogue is supplied with the programme.

The Vinegar Tree

Not for some years has Miss Marie Tempest had such opportunities for enjoying herself as she now has at the St. James's Theatre: and Miss Tempest's enjoyment normally coincides with that of her audience. Wherefore *The Vinegar Tree* is a play to be seen once, and perhaps twice, for it is not often, in these days, that our best comic actress finds a part which suits her ability so astonishingly well as does that of Laura Merrick. Laura has been married for an incredible number of years to a good-hearted, peppery blade of her period, when she is visited by an old flame. Conveying his treasure with a borrowed name, Max is really enamoured of Laura's sister—until he meets Laura's daughter. The complications give Miss Tempest the opportunities to demonstrate how charming and infuriating an intelligent but fluffy-minded middle-aged woman can be. Mr. Paul Osborn, the author, has a very shrewd eye for feminine character. Not only is Laura thoroughly convincing, but Leone, her daughter, filled with self-conscious absurdities bred of latter-day psychology imperfectly assimilated, is a delicious and by no means unfair comment on "Girtonian" culture, whether emanating from America or not. Miss Celia Johnson plays the part in a vein of genuine comedy. Mr. C. Louis Hayward, as her earnest undergraduate admirer is a splendid foil to her sentimental solemnity, and Mr. W. Graham Browne is frequently funny, if on severely orthodox lines, as her father.

"A Book of the Moment"

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HARRAP

Camargo

The third programme of the Camargo Ballet Society, introduced at the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening, was in some ways less interesting than the first. There was the same large and impeccably "distinguished" audience to applaud everything and everybody from start to finish; but the two opening ballets were only moderately successful, while neither of them had a very attractive *décor*.

Thus, in *Fête Polonaise* with Glinka's music, the conscientiousness of the British corps de ballet seemed a little more apparent than the occasion warranted. *Regatta*, a sprightly piece of fantasy, the work of a young composer, Gavin Gordon, was embroidered with a series of nautical dances, which, though amusing, were not quite amusing enough. But *The Origin of Design* was another matter. Both scenes have been adapted by William Chappell from original designs by Inigo Jones; and Lopokova, as the youthful Dibutade, to whom Eros teaches the art of representation, Dolin as Polydore, her lover, and Markova as a sinuous Terpsichore, interpreted the enchanting gaiety of Handel's music.

Lord Berners' delightful *Luna Park* was next served up by way of orchestral interlude. Last of all came Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*. Here again Lopokova triumphed; so much so that the emotion of the audience transferred itself to the dancers taking their calls who kissed one another profusely behind the footlights. Mr. Lambert who, both as conductor and as composer, certainly deserved an *accolade* was somehow overlooked in the general scrimmage. If British ballet continues to receive such support, there is hope that it may become a national institution.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, June 17th—
Prof. Morris Ginsberg on "The Family in a Changing Society," Conference at Friends' House, 3–7.30.

Saturday, June 18th—
"Sweet Lavender," Lyric, Hammersmith.

Sunday, June 19th—
C. Delisle Burns on "'Class' Education," Conway Hall, 11.
"The Docks of Wales," Film at the Imperial Institute.
"Blind Man's Buff," Kingsway.
"As it Was in the Beginning," Arts.

Monday, June 20th—
The New Chamber Orchestra, Duke's Hall, R.A.M., 3.
Miss Ashley and Mrs. King on Education in U.S.S.R., Royal Society of Arts, 8.15.

Tuesday, June 21st—
Lord Allen on "Disarmament," Friends' House, 1.20.
Three-day Festival of Church Music to commence, St. George's Chapel, Windsor.
Sir Nigel Playfair on "The Taste in the Theatre," 7 Green Street, Park Lane, 4.30.
Cherniavsky, 'cello recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, June 22nd—
Chelsea String Quartet, Yorke Hall, Harrington Road, S.W.7, 8.30.

Thursday, June 23rd—
Professor J. Macmurray on "That Science Will See Us Through," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
Adila Fachiri and Kathleen Long, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Fanfare," Prince Edward.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I DO not think the editor of *Victoriana* could have found more typical volumes for the series' inauguration than *Songs of the Affections* (Harmsworth, 6s.) by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and *The Newgate Garland* (Harmsworth, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Hanchant, the editor, admits that Bayly is not strictly Victorian; and many of the sinister songs in his other collection are late Georgian; but he is right in thinking that here, especially in Bayly, we have the perfect savour of the Victorian spirit. It was a spacious and stunning time, when men listened entranced to someone in an elegant drawing-room warbling "*Oh! no! we never mention her*," and on the next night, or perhaps the same morning, roared enraptured applause in the Cave of Harmony to the coarse and violent chorus of *Sam Hall*. Of course, there are as violent contrasts to-day: but you do not find that distinct line between the entertainments at which refined females assisted and those other entertainments in which the husbands, brothers and suitors of the refined females shared unassisted. Bayly could only have flourished at a time when the larger part of the human race, or at least its more elegant members, were referred to as "The Sex"; and apparently a large number of men contrived so to adjust their minds and their experience that they regarded this odd insult as a compliment. Whether any man ever thought of his old nurse, or his snubbing sister as "The Sex," I cannot decide; but certainly there were plenty of men who divided women comfortably into "Mother," and "The Sex," though the unchivalrous, after marriage, were apt to exclude their wives from the sacred order. Thomas Haynes Bayly, though, I am sure, would never have spoken of his Irish bride as Mrs. B.

* * *

Bayly was born at Bath in 1797, married Miss Hayes of Marble Hill, County Cork, in 1826, and died three years later. He was a prolific author, not only of the ballads by which a few still remember his name, but of over thirty plays and three novels. Mr. Hanchant, in his introduction, gives a very readable and entertainingly critical account of his life and works, though he is a little unfair to Andrew Lang's paper in *Essays in Little*. There must be many readers who owe their first acquaintance of Bayly to that essay; and there, as the poet might have said, learned to love the singer of the domestic affections and trials. Bayly derives obviously from Thomas Moore, and it is a little hard to decide why he is so much worse than Moore. Partly because in his poems there is a weak sort of waggishness; his verse is negus to Moore's quite decent, if over-warmed, *vin ordinaire*. Then in Bayly there is a lack of substance. Moore always had his patriotism, and if he is over ornamental he is never purely overmantle, as Bayly inclines to be. Bayly's poems are dead outside the drawing-room; they demand a certain trivial setting in a society that was singularly superficial. Mr. Hanchant quotes, from contemporary opinion on Bayly, a perfectly phrased judgment of D. M. Moir: "He possessed a playful fancy, a practised ear, a refined taste, and a sentiment which ranged pleasantly from the fanciful to the pathetic, without, however, strictly attaining either the highly imaginative or the deeply passionate." The justice of "without, however, strictly attaining" is exquisitely right. Bayly's poetry is an accomplishment, as much superior in craft to the accomplishments of the young ladies who sang his songs as is the performance of a dancing-master to that of the young gentlewomen he teaches; but Bayly's work differs from the elegancies of the Victorian boudoir only in degree, not kind.

* * *

The kind has a certain sidelong daintiness, though that is rather of temperament than of character. One must not expect, and does not find any great delicacy of feeling or quickness of imagination from a society that professed to think of women as did the society of the 'twenties and 'thirties of last century. On the other hand we must not forget that the atmosphere produced seemed, in a way, so much of course that it may be doubtful whether Keats would have found Bayly's expression of his sentiments offensive; it is quite certain that Leigh Hunt did not, and for a brief period even William Blake, as we know from his satirical story, was a sullen and troublesome captive in drawing-rooms not unlike those frequented by Mr. Bayly. Read with a kindly and historical eye some of the old favourites have an appeal not wholly ridiculous. Bayly's real trouble is that haunting one of self parody. One can see that the author was serious when he wrote:

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me,
But heed not what they say:
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.

though one laments a certain verbal infelicity in the fifth line; but did the poet himself keep his countenance in sober gravity when he wrote:

She never blamed him—never,
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she *tried* to look the same:
But vainly she dissembled,
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear, unbidden, trembled
In her blue eyes all the while.

while we know he is being intentionally waggish when he wrote:

Why don't the men propose, Mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point
And then away he goes!

Yet the same author was certainly gravely poetical in the famous ballad which includes his most immortal quatrain:

A wreath of orange blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before.

The music—it is reprinted in this pretty little volume—by Bishop, Stevenson, Blewitt, Knight and Bayly himself, greatly mulsified the prosiness of the work. I had the luck when I was an infant to hear some of the more famous pieces sung by one who was born five years after Bayly's death and had learned the proper sentimental tradition. I think my earliest realisation that some phrases cannot be sung with imaginative conviction came when I heard this lady sing, "The expression of her features," though the emotional and sentimental conviction was successful. Mr. Hanchant points out that some of our modern poets can lay claim to an equality of bathos; and it was not Bayly but Tennyson who wrote that startlingly pedestrian stanza:

She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut:
She could not please herself.

Our grandfathers anyway did not much care about nicety of expression in their songs if the sentiment was sound or strong. It is very strong in most of the old pieces in *The Newgate Garland*. Mr. Hanchant begins his anthology with Ainsworth's great cant song *Nix my doll pals, fake away*, and goes as late as Henley and Dagonet. The old poems are mostly brutal stuff, shocking by mere extravagance of language or catching one's curiosity by their slang. On the whole, though *Flowers of Hemp* will entertain the curious, those who read for mere pleasure will prefer the neglected, ringleted muse of Thomas Haynes Bayly.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Regiment Reichstag. By KURT LAMPRECHT. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Café Bar. By G. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

Come Dreams are Endless. By SYDNEY A. KNIGHT. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Orchid. By ROBERT NATHAN. Mathews and Marrot. 6s.

Jane and the Locusts. By ANNE STOKES. Benn. 7s. 6d.

There is excellent material for the novelist in the events which took place in Germany immediately after the Armistice, and no German novelist has yet to my knowledge fully assimilated it. Hysteria, the obsession with death, the strange nausea which overcome these people, as if they had a greed for what revolted them, has driven them to the subject of post-war confusion again and again, but the result has usually been the sentimentalised nightmare of a surfeited digestion. Political novels abound, but they turn the political drama into phantasmagoria. Those novelists who have digested their material, like Renn in *After War* and Kurt Lamprecht in *Regiment Reichstag*, strictly limit their diet to obvious and narrow personal experience. They do not attempt the whole; so that if we do not see a large imaginative reconstruction, we do get quiet and disciplined reporting with the hysteria, nausea and fantasy extracted. *Regiment Reichstag*, opening in the early days of 1919 when the Republic stood at bay before the uncertain monarchist and extreme Left factions, describes the successful repulse of the Spartacist revolt—not from the official point of view, but from that of a demobilised and penniless officer who finds himself at the head of a miniature army. They are at once out for loot, adventure, food; and are governed by the vague notion that they represent law and order as opposed to the revolutionary communism of the Spartacists under Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg. They march to the Reichstag, unaware that they are directed thereto by Blark, a profiteer; they hold the position, defeat the Spartacists, are the dubious means by which the Republic is consolidated, and then dissolve as mysteriously as they had originally appeared. In civil war issues are not clean cut, and Herr Lamprecht coolly excels in presenting the devious motives, the boredom, fanaticism or self-interest, responsibility and irresponsibility which lands each man with his strange companions. The atmosphere of cynicism and mistrust, automatic heroism and casualness is obtained without melodramatic emphasis. Werch, the officer in command, is ironically aware that he is repressing revolution where revolution alone would free his countrymen from financial exploiters. How willingly the people forge their own chains. But Herr Lamprecht is not tendencious or didactic. He is detached, and it required this coolness to make of Blark (the food profiteer who will sell himself to all sides at once for a profit) the greasy little *deus ex machina*. This is the very essence of civil war, and Herr Lamprecht has recorded it effectively, accurately, and without illusions. The odd German corpse obsession creeps in in the shape of a little man who collects the dead bodies together and neatly labels them with a horrible professional glee. Even the bleakest German realism has its hobgoblin.

Café Bar is reporting also, but it is hardly a novel. It is a series of shots at the talk and lives of the frequenters of an Italian Café in Soho, a collection of cranks, frauds, thieves, blackmailers, prostitutes, narks, down-and-outs, who hang about all day long. Those who have just come out of gaol keep their hats on. The commonest means of sustaining life is by living on prostitutes who believe in having a man about. Mr. Moncrieff has also no illusions about his people and just the right amount of sympathy. Artz, the shabby captain, with his impressive manner, his clever talk, his air of discretion and shyness, listening to everything and flattering thieves to the point of confession so that he may use them, is an authentic piece of observation. Larry, the down-and-out journalist, wretched with hunger and drifting, under the guidance of Scotch Tommy, into the arts of burglary, the "Professor" with his bits of Voltaire and his high, half-baked talk of Christianity, Science and Capitalism—the whole dingy crowd who cadge and whisper and boast under Frasco's dominion as he serves the coffee, are an unpleasant lot; but they are true. The book requires no story. It has an atmosphere of whispering and suppressed excitement, part of the very despair of the place and people, which carry one easily from episode to episode. It is the best unvarnished account of hunger, hopelessness and nights-out that I have read for a long time.

One does not ask for the same laconic detachment in the dabbler in fantasy; but if in fantasy the writer is to be permitted to lose his head and pursue the pretty unreason of his fancies, he ought to keep his pen clear. Either style or matter must be disciplined. Mr. Knight has ignored this elementary rule. You cannot see the wood for his trees, and his trees are a horrible literary boscage. He has dropped into a sickly, nursery language in which a forest is a "playground" for playful "father and mother" squirrels, a dark tower "mocks" the riot of leaves, and where the sun strikes the tower it has a less "frownful" look. This is the baby talk of "nature writing." And when he gets to his story his dreams are not only endless but chaotic. One would be grateful even for a little Freud to give them some point and coherence. As it is, once the youth Iredan has discovered the key which permits him to wander in dream countries, confusion descends. Sound advice to the writer of fantasy is that since there are no rules and everything may happen, don't let it, but Mr. Knight's worlds crash, split, burst and collapse, and his prose with them. *The Orchid* is a book he should read, for it is on the borderline of fantasy and artifice. Mr. Knight's fundamental defect is that he has no clear sense of artifice, nor has he really seen that fantasy must be isolated from the world—must be the world placed cunningly out of focus. At first it seemed that Mr. Nathan was going to descend into a little language, but while not always avoiding the pretty-pretty, he gets rid of that temptation. His tale is amusingly quaint, allegorical and moral. Miss Grogarty is a beautiful actress, and since it is spring when everyone is talking of going away, and going away really means they hope they will meet "someone," she thinks that she too must go away and fall in love. Mr. Heavenstreet, the super-business man with a cold, unhappy wife, will take her. The Professor of Music, poor, wise, and practical, amiably conspires to save her from folly. Her dresser holds that, being an artist, Miss Grogarty is a sublime creature, entitled to god-like freedom. The dresser innocently dreams this so that she may enjoy reflected glory. It is impossible to retell the story which but for the slyness, artifice and mock-naivety—which is sometimes in danger of becoming a trick—of Mr. Nathan's manner, would be intolerably trite, and is even now doubtful in its conclusion. The best things are his notes on character. This on Mrs. Heavenstreet is an example of his allusive, shrewd, and teasing manner:

> Her first experiences of marriage, like those of most good women, had left her with the desire to defend herself against strangers.

There is fortunately a bite of acid in Mr. Nathan's sentiment, a twist of artfulness in his wisdom—or that which will pass for wisdom, because it is made quaint. For a moment I wondered if I were going to be reminded of James Stephens; but it soon appeared that Mr. Nathan's book was a pretty piece of confectionery; and confectionery cannot, by its nature, have guts. An edible book.

Mr. Nathan achieves his degree of success because his people grow naturally out of his shrewd theories. The difficulty with Miss Stokes's novel is that Jane, the heroine, does not convince the reader that she has grown to the beauty theory she is supposed to embody. In consequence, the theme that beauty is hated instinctively when it appears is not adequately illustrated. Jane is persecuted by the selfishness of her brothers and sisters, devilishly disfigured, in a most horrible scene, by her future sister-in-law; is traded upon and robbed in every moment when happiness is within reach. But one sees her as a crushed creature, pretty, but not beautiful in body and soul. Miss Stokes has put the stakes too high, and, on top of that, loaded the dice. There is good work in the book. The picture of the family is a deadly presentation of middle-class misery. The mother, a clergyman's widow, struggling with poverty and sacrificing everything to her vain, incompetent and selfish son, the daughters allied against their spoiled brother, the awful half-idiot daughter, the neurotic fiancée of the son, with her unpleasant sensuality—these in their thwarted way are consistent characters. They are no more whole, one feels, than Jane is the embodiment of beauty. The dice is loaded against them also. They are too miserable, too nerve-wracked for tragedy. But Miss Stokes can arouse our pity for these drabs, and distaste if not horror. Jane is never made big enough spoil for the gods. Yet, in its way, hers is a moving book.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

WILD CARO

Lady Caroline Lamb. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. net.

The material for a memoir of Caroline Lamb is symbolic of her in its confused copiousness; turning it over, the would-be biographer could wish that not so many people had written down their impressions, had liked or disliked, depreciated or praised her. But if a study rather than a memoir is projected, this material becomes illuminative through its very contradictoriness. Just so, we feel, are our contemporaries seen by those around them; few of us have not known the woman—and the man—about whom as violently discrepant views are held, each with its measure of justification. The Caroline Lambs of our own period must, I could almost declare, be personally experienced if we are to understand the Caroline Lamb of Byron's—experienced, in their charmfulness, their harmfulness for themselves and others, their wilfulness and will-lessness, artfulness and artlessness; the changing lights which at once obscure and reveal, perplex and explain.

For such a method of interpretation Miss Jenkins implies some scorn. The "coruscations of the biographer's own genius and fancy" merely cause her to ask: "How do you *know?*" Unanswerable question which, after all, neither do the facts in this, and many another instance, make any more answerable. There are plenty of them here—so many that though for one reason or another the family-papers are withheld from us, I do not for my part feel that we need deeply mourn the deprivation. What we have is enough to compose a speaking portrait—speaking in both senses, for the words, the letters of Caroline Lamb herself are so vividly or poignantly expressive that as we read she lives and suffers before our eyes.

Of this "enough," Miss Jenkins has made ample use. As I have hinted, sobriety is her chosen note: "Away with theories; here are the facts" she seems to say—and here indeed they are, even to extracts from *Glenarvon* and Caroline's other novels. All are skilfully marshalled, nothing of value is omitted, though once or twice something of no value has been too seriously considered, such as the book by one John Mitford whose mere title proclaims its worthlessness. Miss Jenkins, led away by nothing else, is now and then led away by this kind of thing; but on the whole her book has admirable unity and the further attraction of sincerity and earnestness brought to bear upon a theme long dear to the writer's heart.

Since she very gracefully and kindly refers to myself as her prospective follower in this field, I may own that my embarrassment in reviewing her work would have been paralysing were it not that I see Caroline Lamb with very much more Byronic eyes than she does. By this I mean not *the* Byronic eyes, but those of one persuaded that the affair with Byron was incomparably the most significant thing in her life—was indeed the key to all that came after. For though it certainly did not, as some think, account for the recurrent attacks of insanity towards the end, it no less certainly did open up the morbid tragic vein in her of which one might say that, like Byron, she would not have been herself without it. As the soap was to the child in the one-time poster, so a wrecked passion was to her: she would not be happy till she got it. She got it, and was not happy; but for such as she, that special form of unhappiness is verily the heart's desire. They wait for it, listening ever for the prophetic voice within, which twice spoke to Caroline when for the first time she saw Byron. What it said we all know, and know how unavailing, in one sense, were its warnings—yet in another, how availing, since they formulated for her the imperative need of her being!

With Caroline's mother Miss Jenkins has fallen in love, as must everyone who comes to know her. She was for long, and strangely, obscured for us by Byron's nickname of "Lady Blarney"; strangely, because we had the Granville correspondence, which is lit by the radiance of her golden nature. But nicknames have their potency, even without the Byronic prestige to help them; and so Lady Blarney, in all its cheapness of English arrogance, dimmed even for those Irish who know the Childe-Rolandesque glamour of Blarney Castle (and coldly scorn the Stone), the enchanting reality of Lady Bessborough. In some eyes, my own among them, lovelier than her more famously lovely sister, she gets full justice from Miss Jenkins.

William Lamb—the William Lamb of marriage—gets both a little more and a little less than justice. He had much to bear and forgive; he bore and forgave. But his renowned: "Why can't you leave it alone?" seems to have ruled him in marriage less pardonably than in politics. They whom such phrases rule are often, as he was, delightful; and since delightful he was, we feel that his influence with Caroline might well have been more continuously exerted. Of his "destruction of her innocence" it is difficult to judge. In the first place, and inevitably, we have only her word for its extent; in the second, there need be no cynicism in the view that a husband is in some degree appointed to such destruction. "Each man kills the thing he loves": those gnomic words recall themselves imperiously. It is on this point that Miss Jenkins seems inclined to judge him too severely. At all events, he was nobly merciful in his verdict on that wayward wife: "All her errors hurt only herself." So he wrote in the obituary notice, on his composition of which Miss Jenkins is the first, so far as I know, to cast doubt.

If the shaping hand has been withheld from this memoir of Caroline, the sympathetic intelligence has not. The writer gives us all that is "known," while refusing us anything that is imagined; she breaks from her self-imposed discipline only to say that she has "gladly" used all she has been able to find to the discredit of Lady Melbourne, Caroline's mother-in-law—for whom I own to a guilty affection. Yet is it so guilty, seeing that but for his "dear Machiavel," we should not possess the glittering treasure, the Nibelungen Ring as it were, of Byron's correspondence with that maleficent, but not malignant, Whitehall goddess?

ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.

MENCIUS

Mencius. Translated by LEONARD A. LYALL. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Mencius on the Mind. Experiments in Multiple Definition. By I. A. RICHARDS. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

The Political Philosophy of Confucianism. By LEONARD SHILIEN HSÜ. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Mencius was a contemporary of Aristotle, and nothing could bring more vividly before us the difference between the Chinese mind and the Greek. The Greeks of the sixth to the fourth century B.C. had discovered science. The Chinese neither discovered nor desired it. Religion and ethics have been, up to our own time, the main pre-occupation of their sages; and ethics has meant social ethics.

Human nature, Mencius believed, was good, by which he meant that, just as water left to itself flows downhill, so if you give men what they need, enough food, drink and shelter, they will behave kindly and reasonably. "Mencius said: 'If the people have not a stable living, they grow unstable of heart. And without a stable heart loose and lawless deeds, wrong and waste, will not be wanting, till at last the people fall into crime. But then to pursue and punish them is to trap the people. When love is on the throne are the people ever trapped? So the living of the people must be so ordered by a clear-sighted lord that they have enough to serve their father and mother above, and enough to keep their wife and children below. In a glad year their whole life is plenty, and in a bad year they escape death and undoing. Then, he drives them on to do good, and the people obey him lightly. To-day the living of the people is so ordered that they have not enough to serve their father and mother above, nor enough to keep their wife and children below. In a glad year their whole life is bitterness, and in a bad year they cannot escape death and undoing. They seek only to escape death, and the fear of failure besets them; what time have they to attend to courtesy and right?'"

Evil, therefore, in his view, came from bad government producing poverty and so engendering crime. He therefore attached himself to various princes, with a view to converting them to what was, as he used to explain, as much in their own interest as that of their people. The princes seem to have been proud to have him as their adviser; they only regretted that they were unable to put his principles into practice. For, as they put it, they had "defects" which made it difficult if not impossible to do so. Thus "Said Mencius:

> 'To fear the power of heaven
> Is protection everlasting.'

Whereto King Shuan replied:

> 'A great saying! But I have a failing. I love daring.'

Mencius answered :

> ' Pray do not love small daring, King. To lay hand on your two-edged sword and cry with an ill look " How dare he withstand me " is the daring of a churl, withstanding one man. Pray widen it, King."

This quality of commonsense, of appealing to reason, without rhetoric or mythology, is characteristic of the main stream of Chinese philosophy, from Confucius onward. It is not, perhaps, very profound but it is eminently sensible, and in politics sense is what is most wanted and least practised. If we would but begin with the small things we might in time get on to the big ones ; and Mencius has still a great deal to teach us if we would only learn. We need, however, to translate his language into our own idiom. That this itself may be a very hazardous task is the contention of Mr. Richards in his very interesting and suggestive book. He takes certain passages from Mencius and attempts a literal rendering, as an introduction to his general theme which is the difficulty of translation. Thirty years ago that woman of genius, Victoria Lady Welby, published a book with the title *What is Meaning?* I used in those days to be rather impatient of her insistence on this point, thinking that the ambiguities of popular language need not interfere with mutual comprehension, if one took the trouble to define one's terms. Since then, years of writing and reading have induced me, rather reluctantly, to modify my views. From the seed sown by Lady Welby has grown up a considerable harvest, and to this Mr. Richards himself has largely contributed, both in the book he wrote with Mr. Ogden, entitled *The Meaning of Meaning*, and in other works. In the present book, after illustrating at some length the ambiguities of words in any single language, and the lack of correspondence between the meanings of words in different languages, even those that are akin, he goes on to suggest that, when you come to languages as remote, in origin and history, as is Chinese from any western tongue, the difficulty may become so great as to be almost insuperable. He discusses at length in this connection certain Chinese words. What, for instance, is the meaning of " C'hi " ? Is it mind ? Is it will ? Is it both at once ? And how is it related to what we call " desire " ? " How the desires are to be counted is, of course, the chief difficulty here (over and above the doubt whether the field of desires for Mencius is even roughly conterminous with the field of desire for western moralists. Certainly the areas of stress in the western world, for example, the emphasis on sexual desire, are unlikely to correspond with those in the Chinese field). The Christian and Chinese traditions of asceticism seem to differ, many Taoist ascetics retiring to the wilderness perhaps rather to develop sex than to deny it."

Such considerations lead Mr. Richards to the suggestion of a method which he calls " multiple definition." The term does not seem a very apt one, but what is meant is holding in solution the forms of language (and therefore of thought) which belong to one's own tongue, so as to be able to detect differences, not only of language, but of thought, in the tongue one is translating. The difficulties of this procedure are candidly discussed ; for Mr. Richards is fundamentally modest and reasonable. He has, moreover, a very practical object in view. The Chinese language, he tells us, has lately been re-made by the labour of Chinese scholars, and this very process may have made it the more ambiguous ; for " an enormous crop of maladjusted hybrid meanings —from the crossing of our ambiguities with Chinese ambiguities —seems certain to be perpetuated in language, to the unnecessary distress and confusion of many generations, unless a deliberately devised technique for recording and comparing the ranges of our words, and their words, can be brought into action *in time*. The next thirty years may be the decisive period in the formation of Chinese intellectual colloquial. A direct attack upon the problem seems, therefore, one of the most pressing problems of our age."

Mr. Richards's book is not an easy one to master or to judge, but it is both serious and practical in its purpose and well deserves reading and pondering by all who are interested in those relations between east and west which may be, during the next century or two, the greatest issue which the world will have to face.

The book on Confucianism by Mr. Hsü is perhaps a crucial test of Mr. Richards's thesis. I say " perhaps," because no one who has not some knowledge of Chinese can have an opinion on the subject that is worth anything. Mr. Hsü gives a most interesting account of the political philosophy of Confucianism ; but he gives it, very largely, not by translation from the actual words of his author but in a paraphrase ; and in this paraphrase he is apparently, and not unnaturally, concerned with bringing out the similarities between Chinese and modern thought. But one cannot help wondering whether the similarities are really as great as is suggested. For instance, ought Confucius to be interpreted in such terms as these : " Thereby men comprehend the source and principles of evolution and render their rational judgment in the processes of transmutation and phenomenal limitation "— or as these : " Poetry covers lessons in psychology, sociology, political science, and natural science. It explains the nature of mind, society, government, and the nature of organic and inorganic matters. Thorough knowledge of these factors—mind, society, government and nature . . . is important to all who prepare themselves for public service." It would, at any rate, be very interesting to know what this Chinese educated in the United States thinks of Mr. Richards's doubts.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THE PUZZLE OF CANCER

Cancer : Is it Preventable? By W. BROWN THOMSON, M.D. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

Cancer : Civilisation : Degeneration. By JOHN COPE. Lewis. 15s.

The attitude of both these authors to the problem with which they deal is frankly optimistic. Unfortunately, they lay before the reader but few facts on which he may base an equally confident assumption. In spite of our increased skill in early diagnosis, of the greater thoroughness and efficiency of surgery, and of the extensive employment of such supplemental methods of treatment as X-rays and radium, cancer grows ever commoner among us ; and claims, each year, an increasing proportion of victims. Yet, although the tangible results of research seem so slight, it is difficult for anyone impartially studying the subject to doubt that our real knowledge of cancer is steadily growing, and that we are moving along a road that will eventually lead to a greatly increased control over this most terrifying of our racial scourges.

Dr. Thomson states with confidence that cancer is preventable, and urges us to spread the good news. But it is very hard to discover from his book by what means and with what arguments and statements of fact we are to convince our hearers. We are advised to live more simply and to avoid constipation—both pieces of sound advice—but we are, in the end, left pretty much where we began, for the author cancels out all his previous evangelical propaganda by concluding that

> until the cause of cancer has been determined, methods of treatment cannot make much further progress. The battle against cancer is being fought in the dark. But, once the cause has been ascertained, it is reasonable to suppose that treatment will be concentrated upon the etiological forces at work.

Cancer : Civilisation : Degeneration, is a book of different calibre. Mr. " John Cope " (presumed to be the *nom de plume* of an experienced surgeon) devotes his pages to an exposition and a defence of a biological theory of cancer causation. He regards cancer as the consequence of irritative stimuli acting on degenerate cells of embryonoid character—much as the spermatozoon, or (as has been proved effective in certain lower vertebrates) some mechanical substitute for it, acts on the ovum ; provoking it to reproductive division. He reminds us that less specialised cells multiply more rapidly than do more specialised —the capacity for reproduction being altogether lost in the highly organised nerve cells. The cancer cell, however, unlike the youthful ovum, is on the downward path of degeneration—reaching the close of " the regressive phase of its development." It has reversed its evolutionary history, and attained an almost protozoic simplicity. For the cancer cell, as for the primitive unicellular organism, fecundity means endless multiplication of identicals. The main cause of that pre-cancer tissue degeneration—that premature senility—which irritative stimuli provoke into reproductive activity, the author would have us seek in prolonged disuse. It is because it has enabled us to dodge so many of our physiological duties, and slothfully to pension off so many of our muscles and organs, that Mr. Cope arraigns some of the most highly acclaimed achievements of our civilisation. " All kinds of luxury, nicety, fastidiousness and over-refinement," he contends, " go hand-in-hand with local degenerative factors." Normal old age, in itself, is no more a cause of cancer than childhood is of measles ; but it is, of course, likely to provide numerous degenerate cells apt for effective stimulation.

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With an introduction by VISCOUNT SNOWDEN

The price of 'Lamb before Elia' is 10s. 6d. The rest of the books are 7s. 6d. each

The author's attitude towards laboratory cancer research is pretty much that of Bacon towards the medical science of his day: "It has been more laboured than advanced, as the pains bestowed thereon were rather circular than progressive, for we find great repetition but little new matter." Most experienced people will agree that "those who have spent a good many years of their lives in experimental research have acquired modes of thought and habits of working which do not make them safe judges of the results of wider methods of enquiry." For this reason, Mr. Cope evidently anticipates for his book a cool reception from the pathological pundits, who are apt to look upon those who adopt other than the conventional methods of investigation "not as fellow-workers, but as amateurs, as outsiders, or even as positive enemies." But it is an interesting and suggestive book, all the same.

METTERNICH

Metternich. By ARTHUR HERMAN. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

It is surprising that until the appearance of this book there was no satisfactory biography of Metternich in English. By waiting so long we have not waited in vain; for it is a model of what a good biography should be. The material at our disposal for a life of Metternich is frightening in its enormity and detail. Only an accomplished historian could contrive successfully to handle the material and make from it a coherent story. The political and military complications of Europe during the life of Metternich are a kaleidoscope of intrigue. Born of a noble family, his father, Count Francis George, was a personage of very third-rate importance, though his mother was a woman of fine character and ambitions. Clement Metternich started life with only physical advantages, and, from being the son of a family whose name was dying, he became the greatest diplomat and statesman in Europe, meeting everybody of international importance who had at one time or another to consult him. He was a reactionary whose ideals were for an equally balanced Europe, which he was entirely responsible for after the Congress of Vienna. The achievement of this power was not easily attained. Metternich's master, the Emperor Francis, was a cold, unimaginative high Tory, who would brook no interference with the Habsburg manner of government, so that, had Metternich not the invaluable human element of being able to be subservient to those who knew so much less than he did, he would have achieved nothing.

His career began none too easily with the Treaty of Schoenbrünn. His refusal to give way to Napoleon reduced Austria to a state of alarm, and he was supplanted by Liechtenstein and Count Bubna. Metternich's character has been misunderstood by many eminent historians, and at times he has baffled Mr. Herman. Metternich's "legitimacy" theories made him take a risk in advocating the Bourbon return to the throne of France, a risk as great as any he might have run had the Duke of Reichstadt been successful in his claim; he knew the duplicity of Louis XVIII, while at least Napoleon II might have had an intense Habsburg training, under the vigilance of Metternich, and a marriage could have been arranged to suit the Habsburg monarchy. Against that there is Metternich's remarkable meeting with Napoleon on the 26th of June, 1813, at the Marcolini Palace, on the Elbe meadows, which lasted eight hours, and you will read the history of conflict between the two greatest minds in Europe. This book, without attempting to be "staccato-brilliant," relates in its quiet manner other such remarkable scenes. Here you will find the Prince de Ligne's description of the Congress "dancing," and your visit to the excellent film of that name will not have been in vain. Here you will find translated for the first time the love-letters from Metternich to the Princess Lieven, one of the most remarkable women of the period, she having meddled in the politics of most countries and caused discomfort to such variant characters as the Regent and Talleyrand. It seems strange that the author of this book should doubt the sentiment that underlies these letters.

His last years were pathetically tragic, accompanied by contemptible ingratitude and degradation. The high Toryism of the early nineteenth century was fast crumbling, and even the strongholds of the Whig oligarchy were being seized by Radicalism. Metternich's dictums of peace and security on the foundations of high Toryism were useless. Independence and revolution, reform and constitutional monarchism, swept Europe. In such an atmosphere the fallen Metternich became spectator.

GALLIPOLI

Military Operations, Gallipoli. Vol. II. By BR.-GENERAL C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER. Heinemann. 15s.

To the general reader these official histories of the war have a forbidding aspect. Their maps, their quotations from despatches and orders of a technical character, their voluminous appendices seem unpromising of literary entertainment. Nor is such their intention. They have been compiled rather as a record for the student than as a draw for the lending libraries. The compilers themselves are deprived by their official standing, and by the fact that many of the chief actors are still alive, of that freedom of comment which is essential to the proper writing of history. In addition, they are necessarily and rightly conscious of their obligation to create not only a record but a memorial of heroic actions. This obligation makes impossible that selection of material normally exercised by the independent writer. Thus the main outlines of the campaign under review, and its bearing on the general course of world events, tend to become obscured beneath a mass of detail whose meaning can only be come at by wearying study of maps and plans.

It is no exaggeration to say that out of these very difficulties General Oglander has hewn a monument of more than official inspiration and has created, by his own personal sense of the epic that unfolded itself before his eyes seventeen years ago, a grand addition to the literature of the war, worthy to rank with and above Sir Arnold Wilson's Mesopotamian *Loyalties*. Here was an epic indeed—perhaps the only one, in the dramatic sense of the word, that the war produced. It is thanks to this fact, and to his having himself viewed its entire action from the vantage-point of G.H.Q., that the author has been able to infuse a current of highly keyed suspense throughout the whole of his complicated and sometimes abstruse survey. As in a classic drama, the reader knows the end well enough. But the suspense, the agonising, overwhelming tragedy of opportunity after opportunity wasted, is maintained through every chapter of the two volumes and must leave any reader of historical sensibility almost stunned with the malignity of those fates who governed then, as they governed long ago, the actions of men on the sacred coasts of the Ægean. Yet, though General Oglander gives full attention to the wider issues involved, to the deliberations in France and England that shaped the course of events, and to the possibilities expected from success—possibilities which, considering how near success was and how apprehensive of it were the Germans and Turks, provide a final vindication of the strategic idea—there is about his work a completeness, a beginning and end, a mounting from hope to hope, from Helles to Anzac to Suvla, culminating in the inevitable decision to evacuate, which divorces the tale from merely contemporary significance, and places it among those rare dramas that belong to no age but become the property of all posterity. Thus, while admitting that the decision to evacuate was the only sane one, General Oglander makes the reader catch at every straw of hope that it might still be averted and the tragedy turned into a triumph. The soldier speaks. But the artist has the upper hand.

The first volume dealt with the April landings and the consolidation of the positions gained. The second is concerned mainly with the August landing at Suvla and the simultaneous attack from Anzac. "Few who visited Anzac in those days," says the author, "can forget the impressions of a journey round that unique position—the busy scene on the crowded and often shell-swept beach; the steep terraced hillsides, burrowed like a rabbit-warren; the teeming rest-gullies; the well-kept trenches; the outstanding physique of the bronze and sturdy garrison." Every word tells. And again: "The problems—administrative as well as tactical—that now had to be worked out by the Anzac corps staff were very intricate. In the folds of that tiny stretch of waterless hillside . . . no part of which was more than a thousand yards from the enemy's front line, the existing garrison was already in crowded occupation of nearly every available inch of ground that was hidden from Turkish view. Yet, before the operations could begin, another 25,000 men, large numbers of animals, vehicles and guns, and vast quantities of ammunition, stores and supplies would have to be landed on the crowded and frequently shelled piers, and this without attracting the watchful attention of the enemy."

The attack from Anzac failed in face of impossible difficulties. The landing at Suvla should have succeeded and might have done so but for the defeatist attitude of the General in command of it. Sir Frederick Stopford. General Oglander is highly dis-

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A History of European Diplomacy, 1914-1925

By R. B. MOWAT, M.A. 18s. net.

Professor Mowat's book was the first attempt to treat in the spirit of history the diplomatic relations of the European States —and America—from August, 1914 to Locarno; it will have special value while efforts are being made to free Europe from the legacy of those years.

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creet. But he is not afraid of apportioning blame where blame is due, or of exercising a gentle, and therefore all the more damning, sarcasm in doing so. On the morning of the 8th of August, Sir Ian Hamilton, "increasingly concerned by the absence of news from Stopford . . . ordered Colonel Aspinall of his General Staff to hurry across to Suvla to report on the situation. . . ." Aspinal found General Stopford on deck. He was in excellent spirits and at once came forward to greet the new arrival.

"Well Aspinall," he said, "the men have done splendidly, and have been magnificent."

"But they haven't reached the hills, Sir," said Aspinall.

"No," replied the General, "but they are ashore."

The Colonel Aspinall of this incident was the author of the future history. ROBERT BYRON.

SHORTER NOTICES

Fishermen and Fishing Ways. By PETER F. ANSON. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

In this agreeably written and entirely unpretentious book Mr. Anson has given us a comprehensive description of the fishing industry; the methods of fishing, the craft employed, and so on, being dealt with by one who obviously knows his subject intimately. Especially is this knowledge shown in the descriptions of the fishermen, their manner of living, their curious superstitions, their courage, endurance, fatalism and camaraderie. It may, indeed, be said that Mr. Anson's "fishermen" will be recognised as true and sympathetic studies by those who have lived in fishing ports and villages and have known these kindly, simple men at first-hand.

In Great Waters. By Capt. S. G. S. MCNEIL. Faber and Faber. 15s.

The captain of a big luxury liner sees life from an altitude with which most of us are quite unfamiliar. He sees vast multitudes of people, but only for a short time and usually only in their hours of play. The angle of vision is something like that of the hotel-proprietor; but the captain of a liner has not been trained for the part, and unless he happens to have been born with the natural, large-hearted geniality of, say, a Harry Preston, he is apt to be a little critical, even impatient, with the foibles of his guests. Captain S. G. S. McNeil, of the Cunard Line, commanded big passenger ships for twenty-eight years before his recent retirement. No seaman could be more tolerant of land-lubbers, or answer their foolish questions with a sweeter courtesy. Some he really liked—Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, for instance, who was the only lady passenger who ever extended him at deck tennis. Others he politely recognises as famous folk, records a few of their sayings, and leaves it at that. Apart from the passengers, the most interesting character in the book is a ship's surgeon who was an expert hypnotist and, by putting his patients to "sleep," was able to perform difficult operations at sea without the aid of an anæsthetist. Earlier chapters deal with the writer's experiences as a young man in sail, on tramp steamers, and (as an R.N.R. officer) in command of mine-sweepers at Gallipoli. He is unsparing in his criticisms of the Navy—of their training, their methods and their manners. What he says about the Gallipoli muddle makes painful reading; it adds still further to an already long indictment. And Captain McNeil always gives the impression of knowing what he is talking about.

What Bird is That? A Guide to the Birds of Australia. By NEVILLE W. CAYLEY. Angus and Robertson, Sydney. 12s. 6d.

An immense amount of work and research must have gone to the production of this book, and on the whole it is justified. The division of the species by their habitats, with descriptions and photographs of the types of country chosen, should be of assistance to the observer, and the advice given to bird-students in the Introduction is extremely good—although it might be added that the time of day and prevailing wind and weather are worthy of note in all field observations. The plates are good and very well produced, but do not entirely fulfil their aim: "to eliminate the necessity for colour descriptions of plumage." Many of them (for example, Plate VIII, Nos. 2 and 3, 4 and 5) would not make it easy to recognise and differentiate in the field between the birds depicted. Nor is it always easy to ascertain the colour of the legs and bill—often important features for identification. A certain amount of space is taken up in describing the nest and eggs of birds which, like the Turnstone and Common Sandpiper, are migrants to Australia and breed elsewhere. This would be better employed in detailing, as often as possible, field differences between birds of a similar appearance.

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About Motoring

THE MODERN MOTOR CYCLE

WHAT the Derby is to horse racing, the Isle of Man T.T. races are to the motor cycling world. Their importance is by no means limited to these Islands. The results and newspaper reports are keenly studied by young Britons all over the world. The Continental manufacturers would rather win the T.T. than any races organised on their own soil. The races concluded on June 10th produced great triumphs for the Norton machines in the 350 c.c. and 500 c.c. classes, and a win for New Imperial machines in the 250 c.c. category, whilst the Rudge-Whitworths performed handsomely without actually securing a victory. As the T.T. is the principal fixture of the motor cycling year, it naturally inspires some consideration of these lesser walks of motoring. At the moment the motor cycle industry is passing through very troubled waters. Since the war it has possibly earned more credit than any other British industry, for it has established a supremacy hardly to be matched. No tariff wall has proved capable of excluding its exports. No riders have held or defeated our riders. No machines hold so many records as ours. It is thus peculiarly unfortunate that financial conditions have hit it so hard. On the one hand, the small car very pardonably curtails the sales of passenger motor cycles. A small car is still eminently road-worthy in its second or third year, when it may be sold for as low a sum as £50, which is about the minimum figure for which a robust motor bicycle and sidecar can be purchased new. Affectionate youth and creaky age are apt for different reasons to prefer a baby car to a sidecar, assuming that their exchequers can furnish the necessary running costs; it is doubtful whether any great difference exists between the annual upkeep of a sidecar and of a small car. The sales of motor bicycles have been heavily cut in all countries through the slump. They sell in normal times to the sons of wealthy families and to prosperous artisans. The prosperous artisan is not numerous in any nation nowadays, and he knows that his prosperity is none too stable, so that he is apt to be thrifty. Wealthy families can hardly afford to equip their younger members with expensive luxuries. Export trade is very hard hit by slumps in other countries, by the fluctuations of exchange, and by Government actions. The motor cycle market has suffered terribly here as in other countries where sales were high a few years ago.

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In prosperous times the sale of motor cycles is limited by sundry obvious considerations. In its present form the typical motor bicycle appeals to the athletic sections of a community. It possesses no intrinsic stability. It offers the minimum protection against the weather. It requires physical exertion in its handling. It is by emphasis transport for the young and able. These facts automatically limit its popularity. No less important is its solitariness. If two friends tour or travel by means of two motor bicycles, companionship is only possible when they are dismounted. If one traveller sits on a pillion seat behind the saddle of the other companionship is possible; but many parents imagine that this method of travelling is dangerous and forbid their sons and daughters to practise it. (There is no real evidence that it is more dangerous than any other form of motor travel.) On the count of assets, the motor cycle scores because it is extremely lively, quite a cheap machine achieving the performance which only a very expensive four-wheeler could emulate. And motor-cycling is astonishingly cheap, some versions of the hobby costing well under a halfpenny a mile, though other phases are quite as expensive as the ownership of a small car. The vivacity and economy of the motor cycle are merits which no rival type of motor vehicle can ever surpass or equal. It follows that if it is possible to furnish the motor cycle with adequate weather protection, to render it rather more stable, to reduce the physical effort demanded for its handling, and to make it more companionable, a great future must still reward a very active and efficient industry. Little effort is being made in any of these directions in any country, partly because designers have slipped into a groove, partly because the times are hardly favourable for capital to be risked in large and perilous experiments. Meanwhile there is no question that the motor cycle industry is shrinking; its recent history records a sad toll of bankruptcies. And various authorities of repute frankly aver that if it shrinks still further it will have nobody to blame but itself.

The one recent experiment, originating on the Continent and copied in this country without much discretion, is the attempt to mount thousands of impecunious artisans on cheap machines of small power. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, this experiment was wildly successful until the slump came. The parallel effort in this country has hung fire. In Germany machines below a minimum *horse-power* are excused tax and licence fee. In Great Britain the law is differently planned; for machines below a certain *weight* pay smaller annual imposts. The effect of these laws is obvious in both countries. The miniature British machine is apt to be tinny and weakly built; at a glance, as in use, it conveys no heartening suggestion of prolonged service with complete immunity from petty repairs. In Germany this type of machine is more robust, and probably rides on the average rather more comfortably—vibration is normally at its worst on a very light and whippy machine, whilst the silencing may be skimped in the effort to keep the weight low. The law should be altered at the first possible moment.

The problem of exposure to the weather is far more perplexing; it has never been solved; it may never be solved. If failure is accepted, the motor cycle will remain what it is to-day—the sport of hardy people, most of whom are young; or the seasonal hobby of people who will ride it in summer, but garage it in winter. The problem of stability is also insoluble where two-wheelers are concerned, but is annually mitigated by better design, and will cease to be important as our roads improve. Existing machines are quite satisfactorily stable in moderately skilled hands; but we can all sympathise with the man who dislikes riding a bicycle in London traffic on a damp November day; a tumble will not hurt him, but a motor-bus may hit him before he can pick himself up. Technically it is by no means impossible to build a quiet, fast, silent motor cycle to carry two people companionably. If America is not England, Henry Ford for many years sold a four-seated 20 h.p. car at £77, f.o.b. at Detroit. But such a design cannot be produced at a low figure retail. Passenger motor cycles have never sold freely; and capital is shy of financing inventors in this sphere. It would be of great assistance if the tax on light four-wheelers were varied. Many years ago "quads" were built on simple lines, and sold at low prices. Far better quads could be built to-day; but they will never sell freely if they are taxed on the R.A.C. horse-power rating for four-wheelers. The whole position of the motor cycle industry is imperilled at the moment; and drastic statesmanlike action is required, coupled with bold technical originality, to ensure its future.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 12.—FUN ON THE *PHLEGMATIC*

A, B, C, D and E are all enthusiastic solvers of conundrums. They are fellow-passengers on the S.S. *Phlegmatic*. They therefore agree to amuse themselves as follows:

(1) Each day one of them (the five taking it in turn) sets five conundrums for the other four to solve. The first to solve each conundrum scores one point. In no case can a point be divided; should two solvers claim to finish simultaneously, the point is awarded in accordance with the setter's decision.

(2) At the end of each day each of the four solvers competing that day loses to each of the other four solvers who has scored more points than he has £1 per point in respect of the difference in points between them. The money owing from each solver who on balance has lost is paid each day into a pool from which those who on balance have won then draw their winnings.

The order of capacity, as solvers, of the five participants is: A, B, C, D, E. A never loses money to B, nor B to C, C to D, or D to E.

The sums paid into the pool on the first five days total £41 in all.

At the end of these five days A has won £20; D has lost £12; E has lost £12.

How much, on balance, has been won or lost by B and C respectively?

Problem 10.—THE EARLY ENGLISH LEAGUE

1. At the end of the *first* round each of the six teams has already a distinctive place in the table. This means (a) that no match was drawn and (b) that a different score resulted in each of the three matches played.

2. Every team scored in these three matches. Therefore, at least twelve goals were scored, since the minimum scores consistent with this result are:

3—1 in one match. 2—1 in a second match.
3—2 in a third match.

And since two teams each scored two goals, this is the only distribution of goals in these three matches, which leaves four goals available for the other four rounds.

3. Now four goals are required for the other four rounds.

For we can deduce from the data given:

(1) That the Normans won their second round match;

(2) That the Angles won a match in their second or third round;

(3) That the Britons won two matches after the first round.

4. Hence, we know for certain that the results of the first round are:

Britons 3	Danes 3	Angles 1
Normans 2	Saxons 1	Jutes 2

and that as regards subsequent matches four resulted in wins of 1—0, the winners being the Britons (2), the Normans (1), and the Angles (1), and the losers the Jutes (2), and the Danes (2), while the remainder were goalless draws.

5. The final competition table can be built up from the above data:

Team.	Matches.			Goals.		Points.
	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	
1 Britons ...	3	2	—	5	1	8
2 Normans ...	2	3	—	3	1	7
3 Angles... ...	1	3	1	2	2	5
4 Danes	1	2	2	3	4	4
5 Saxons... ...	—	4	1	1	3	4
6 Jutes	—	2	3	2	5	2

Points awarded to:
Dr. L. C. Adam, Asquitha, Arlyn, D. Barber, Blind Mole, B. Brewster, Dr. C. O. S. B. Brooke, V. Butler, J. B. Channon, H. L. Cox, A. Crokingburn, Cooper, Crooked Dean, L. C. Clarke, G. B. Courtier, T. W. Chaundy, Rev. C. Dinwoodie, C. M. Douglas, V. J. D., Major Fletcher, T. Faint, M. Fleming, E. C. I. Garner, W. P. Hudson, Initio, A. J., F. L. Jones, A. K., P.K., A. C. Lynch, K. H. Millward, F. S. M., F. Morrell, Mercutio, Macbeth, F. E. Maitland, W. Oldham, J. Procter, G. C. Potter, J. L. Priston, M. Ross, L. R., G. G. Robb, Roscoe, L. G. Roussin, S.T.S., F. P. Streeten, D. G. Sopwith, Sciss, G. Sharp, Major L. M. Sandison, Thoriger, Henry Vine, H. Vallance, B. Willis, W. A. Whitehouse, Vic Waldron, C. H. Waddington,
Problem 9: Arlyn, C. Garnett, W. Oldham, Major L. M. Sandison.

Last Week's Acrostic

B E A K
I M O G E N
SALMAGUNDI
H E M I N G WAY
O B A D I A H
PALIMPSEST

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THE origin of this quaint old prayer is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it is safe to assume that these nocturnal visitors do not inspire any fear in the minds of enlightened men and women of to-day.

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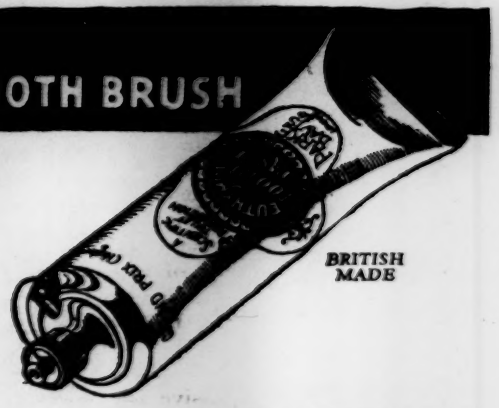

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE LAST CONFERENCE—FOREIGN LENDING—AUSTRALIAN STOCKS EXAMINED—"INFLATE OR BUST"

THE last attempt to end the slump by international conference is now being made. Everyone in the City is aware that we have reached a critical, if not explosive, stage in world history. The tone of the security markets will, therefore, be determined from day to day by news or rumours from the conference rooms. If Lausanne has a measure of success the next step will be the World Economic Debate in London. I use the word "debate" advisedly as there is not the least reason to suppose that the world outlook of the American statesman has changed since the eighteenth century. International monetary action does not yet appear to be within the political realm of practical possibilities. Nevertheless, so frigid is the view held by the investor of present-day international statesmanship that any sort of agreement between Great Britain, France and Germany on the subject of reparations, embodied in a joint note to Washington, will cause the "bears" to scramble and prices to move rapidly in the over-sold stocks. Already this has been seen in the market in German Government bonds—the 7 per cent. (Dawes) Loan jumping from 61 to 66 and the 5½ per cent. (Young) Loan from 43 to 46. This flight of the "bears" should be watched closely. If markets are carried away on a wave of enthusiasm over a political agreement on reparations, while no economic agreement to end the deflation is in prospect, it will be a grand opportunity for the investor to liquidate. International trade is shrinking at an alarming pace. The exports of twenty-nine countries, according to the League of Nations' Bulletin, are now only half the 1930 averages. Commodity prices are still falling—since September 18th gold prices have fallen from 100 to 79.8 and the consumer is still being deflated to death in the gold-standard countries. The investor would, therefore, be wise to keep in mind that the economic crisis will not be solved by a few political hand-shakes.

* * *

A battery of big names has been massed for the Committee appointed at the instance of the Bank of England to protect the interests of holders of the European Reconstruction Loans which were issued under the auspices of the League of Nations. Sir Austen Chamberlain is Chairman and Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Otto Niemeyer are, as it were, the medical advisers. The breakdown of the financial system has proceeded too far for any influential committee to be formed for the purpose of frightening naughty debtor governments. I doubt whether the old system of international lending will ever be revived. It had become divorced from economic realities. The bankers of the creditor countries regarded loans as purely money operations, expecting repayment in gold instead of goods and not realising that they could not stop lending to debtor countries without setting in motion a severe deflation. The power for good or evil inherent in international loans cannot be left in future in the uncontrolled hands of the bankers. I would draw attention to an article in the *Economist* this week analysing the foreign loans issued in London since 1922. Out of a grand total of £1,057 millions Empire governments accounted for 44 per cent. and foreign governments for 15 per cent. The India Government took £109 millions, Australian Governments £169 millions and New Zealand £52 millions. Among foreign governments Brazil took £35 millions and the League of Nations Government loans £38 millions. On account of the leading part played by the Bank of England in the financial reconstruction of Europe, British investors subscribed for about 50 per cent. of the total League loans. The *Economist* appears to regard it as fortunate that the British Empire took 64 per cent. of the total overseas issues since 1922. This, however, remains to be seen.

* * *

Investors who follow the rise in Australian Government stocks are taking on a big gamble. It is commonly argued that the defeat of the Lang party in the New South Wales elections removes the political risk attaching to investment in Australian stocks. This is hardly true. Are we forgetting that after a swing to the "right" there is generally a swing to the "left"? The spirit of the Lang party is not dead. Indeed, it can confidently be predicted that the fight to balance the State Budgets will keep alive Mr. Lang's slogan of default first and cuts in wages second. The trouble is that Mr. Lang's policy, dreadful and objectionable as it is for external bond-holders, suits the internal economics of his country. The national income of Australia has fallen by nearly 30 per cent. since 1926–27: further deflation of consuming power would be dangerous. Both the rentier and wage-earning classes have made sacrifices. Wages have been reduced (except, so far, in New South Wales) and the domestic bond-holders have been forced to accept cuts in internal interest rates. Only the external bond-holder has made no contribution to the general sacrifice, and the feeling in Australia that London should be asked "to do its bit" is fairly strong even outside the Lang party. It was somewhat significant that the Commonwealth Premier has not entirely squashed the hopes of effecting a general reduction in interest rates on the external debt which Mr. Lang had raised.

* * *

The budget difficulties of the Australian States will probably force the external debt question to the front before long. The Premiers' plan called for a reduction in Budget deficits to £12 millions. As a result of Mr. Lang's recalcitrance the deficits have not been reduced below £18 millions. New South Wales accounts for half this total. The terrific fall in the value of the export trade has so deflated the national income that it is extremely difficult to obtain Budgetary equilibrium. Export prices are 43 per cent. below the 1926–27 level in Australian currency, 56 per cent. below in sterling and 68 per cent. in gold. In spite of an increase in the volume of exports, the value of the total exports in 1930–31 was £76 millions as compared with £132.8 millions in 1926–27. Imports have been ruthlessly cut, so that in the nine months ended March 31st last there was a surplus of exports over imports of £31 millions (in sterling), indicating that the visible trade surplus for the fiscal year will be about £35 millions. So far so good. The external interest requirements, thanks to the Hoover debt holiday, are only about £31 millions in 1931–32. But with every desire to be cheerful I feel bound to point out that with export prices of wheat and wool at their present level, a bad season would force Australia to default unless she had built up a considerable cash reserve in London. The London exchange pool, which gives the Commonwealth Government priority over commercial debts, is, of course, the British bond-holders' safeguard, but an arrangement which works well while there is a trade surplus may break down if a bad season turns the scale against Australia. It will be interesting to see how the Australian Loans Council deals with the £12 millions of New South Wales 5¾ per cent. stock which falls due on 1st November. The rise in Australian Government stocks this year has been too rapid for a debtor country which is still facing serious financial problems.

Stock.	Div. Date.	1932 Low.	Present Price.	Yield. £ s. d.	Yield to Redemption £ s. d.
Australia 5% 1945–75 ...	J.J.	75	92x.d.	5 8 6	5 9 6
New South Wales 4½% 1935–45	J.J.	64	78½x.d.	5 14 6	7 0 0
Queensland 3½% 1940–60	A.O.	58	68	5 11 0	6 4 0
Victoria 4% 1940–60 ...	A.O.	59	75½	5 7 6	5 17 0

In New York it is strange that Commonwealth of Australia 5% bonds 1957 are quoted at no better than 61. This may be due to distrust of the dollar or to the general demoralisation of the New York bond market.

* * *

Before writing his latest pamphlet *Inflate or Perish* (St. Clements Press, 5s.) Mr. L. L. B. Angas must have been reading Carlyle's *French Revolution*. His style is reminiscent of that flamboyant historian. Mr. Angas is engagingly frank. At the head of certain chapters he writes: "This may be skipped," or "This need not be read." As Mr. Angas is appealing to the busy Member of Parliament who is dissatisfied with gold I imagine that his raciness will be popular. Nor is he afraid to propound a definite plan for the inflation—by abandoning the conversion of War Loan (to spite the money-lenders and hoarders), by abolishing the limit of the fiduciary issue, and by borrowing £75 millions from the Bank of England on Ways and Means Advances, spending it as to £25 millions on buying the best industrial ordinary shares, £25 millions on buying raw commodities and £25 millions on public works or relief of unemployment. It would be a strange Government—a mixture of Fascist and Socialist—which could follow this advice. But Mr. Angas is quite right in arguing that the reflation of the price level will never be achieved without creating a new psychology—the *fear* of rising prices. Mr. Angas is always fresh, provocative and worth reading.

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